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A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL!

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

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THE ILLUSTRATED
COLLECTOR'S EDITION
OF THE
STEVEN SPIELBERG
FILM!

EVERY EXCITING PANEL
IN FULL COLOR!

DARRIN 78

BASED ON THE COLUMBIA PICTURES/EMI PRESENTATION!

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE FIRST KIND
Sighting of a UFO

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE SECOND KIND
Physical Evidence

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE THIRD KIND
Contact

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STAN LEE PRESENTS

A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL

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Illustrated by WALT SIMONSON and KLAUS JANSON
Colored by MARIE SEVERIN Lettered by GASPAR SALADINO
Production Managers JOHN VERPOORTEN and LEN GROW
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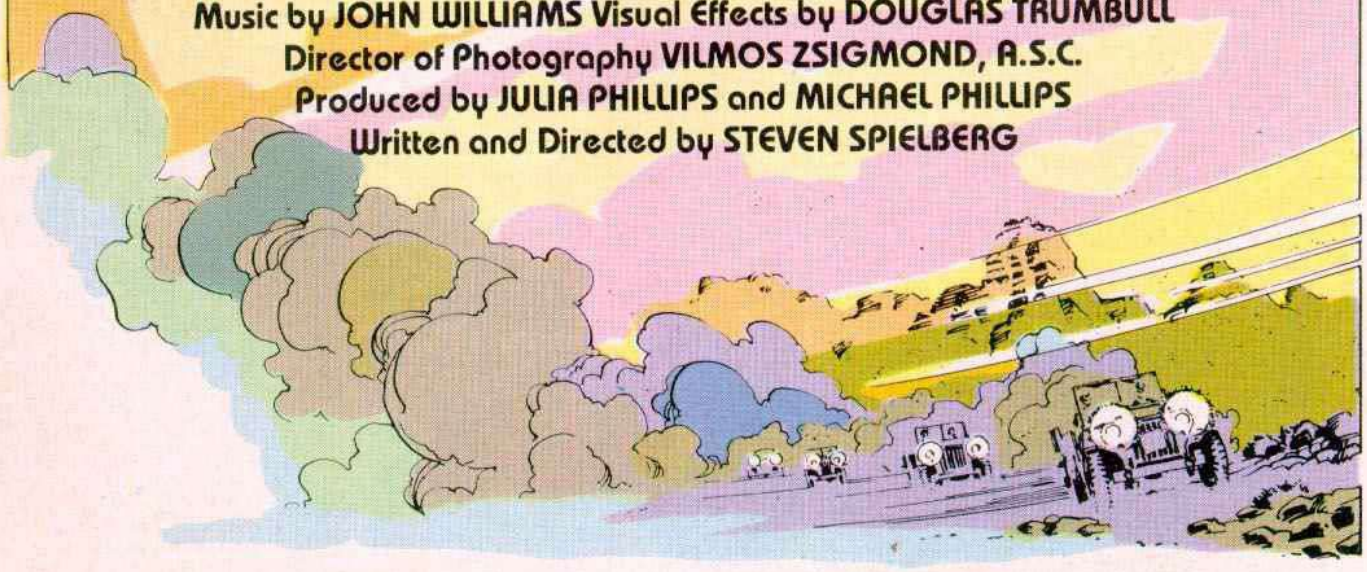
The Official Comics adaptation of
A COLUMBIA/EMI Presentation

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
OF THE THIRD KIND

A PHILLIPS Production A STEVEN SPIELBERG Film
Starring RICHARD DREYFUSS also starring TERI GARR
and MELINDA DILLON with FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT as Lacombe
Music by JOHN WILLIAMS Visual Effects by DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Director of Photography VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.
Produced by JULIA PHILLIPS and MICHAEL PHILLIPS
Written and Directed by STEVEN SPIELBERG



PROLOGUE:

THE TEAM IS PREDOMINANTLY AMERICAN, SOMEWHAT MILITARILY INFLUENCED. ONE MAN IS NEITHER.
HE IS A KEY MEMBER... OVER THE OBJECTION OF SOME, TO THE RELIEF OF MANY.
PROFESSOR LACOMBE! OVER HERE...!

MY SPANISH IS RUSTY... BUT THIS SEEMS TO BE THE OLD MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE SEEN IT ALL!
WHATEVER HAPPENED, HE COLLECTED QUITE A SUNBURN!
IT'D HELP IF WE HAD A TRANSLATOR! HOW'D ANYTHING SO OBVIOUS GET FOULED UP?
LET'S HOPE THAT CARTO-GRAPHER, LAUGHLIN, CAN FILL IN OKAY.

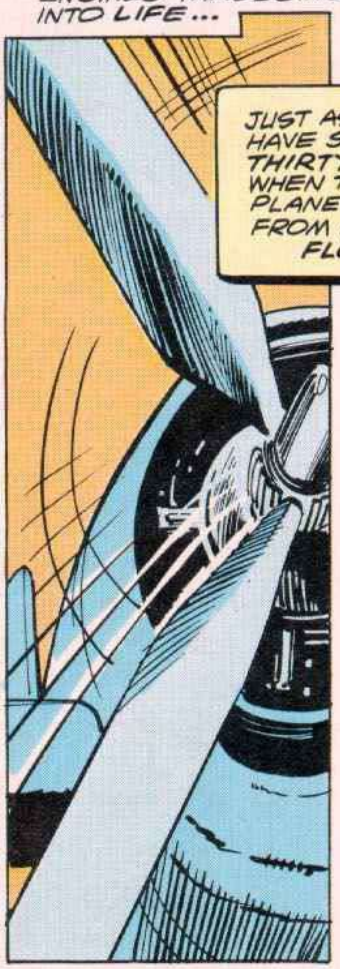
THEN, IN A HALTING CONVERSATION OF SPANISH, ENGLISH, AND FRENCH, QUESTIONS ARE ASKED...
HOW DID THEY GET HERE, GRAND-FATHER... THESE MACHINES?
AND QUESTIONS ARE ANSWERED...

MEXICO. THE SONORA DESERT. A NORTHERN WIND SENDS SAND STINGING AND WHIRLING OVER THE LANDSCAPE, RATTLING OFF THE FUSELAGES OF SIX GRUMMAN TBF AVENGERS, NAVY TORPEDO BOMBERS, CIRCA 1945...

OUT OF THE NORTH WITH THE WIND COMES A SMALL CARAVAN OF VEHICLES CARRYING MEMBERS OF A VERY SELECT SCIENTIFIC STUDY TEAM, MANY OF WHOM WERE NOT BORN WHEN THESE PLANES FIRST TOOK FLIGHT.

LORD! IT IS THEM... IT'S REALLY THEM!

A NEW SOUND RISES ABOVE THE WIND, THE SOUND OF 1900 HORSEPOWER, WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES THROBBING SMOOTHLY, EFFORTLESSLY INTO LIFE...



AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTER, INDIANAPOLIS. 9:25 PM.
CONTROL, THIS IS AIREAST 31. YOU HAVE ANY TRAFFIC FOR US...?
NEGATIVE, AIREAST. NEAREST WE HAVE IS TWA 517, SIX O'CLOCK, FIFTEEN MILES.
WE GOT SOMETHING, CONTROL. TWO O'CLOCK, FIVE MILES... BUT DESCENDING FAST.

LET ME CHECK THE BROADBAND, AIREAST. CAN YOU TELL AIRCRAFT TYPE?
NEGATIVE. HAS THE BRIGHTEST LIGHTS I'VE EVER SEEN. FLASHING, BRILLIANT...

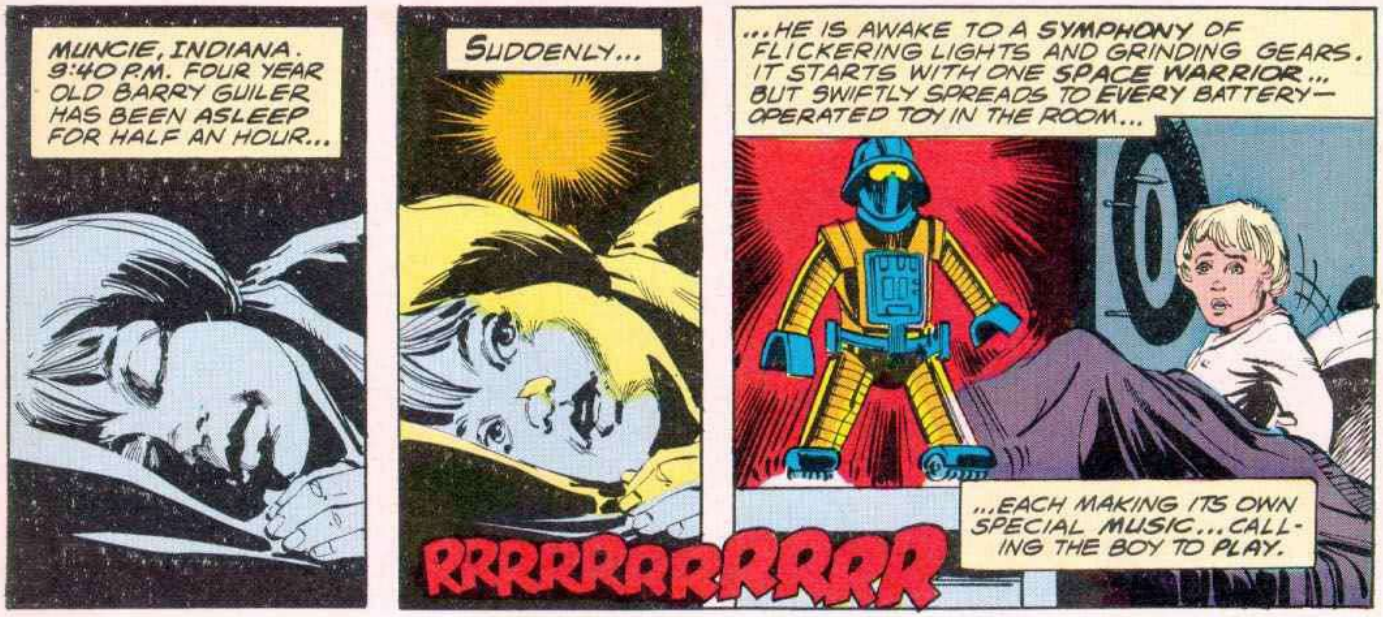
GOT IT, AIREAST 31. BUT... IT SHOULDN'T BE THERE.
TWA 517, DO YOU HAVE THIS IN SIGHT?

AFFIRMATIVE, CONTROL. ULTRA-BRIGHT AND COMING ON STRONG.
GET WRIGHT-PATTERSON ON THE HORN..
--SEE IF THEY'RE TESTING ANYTHING.

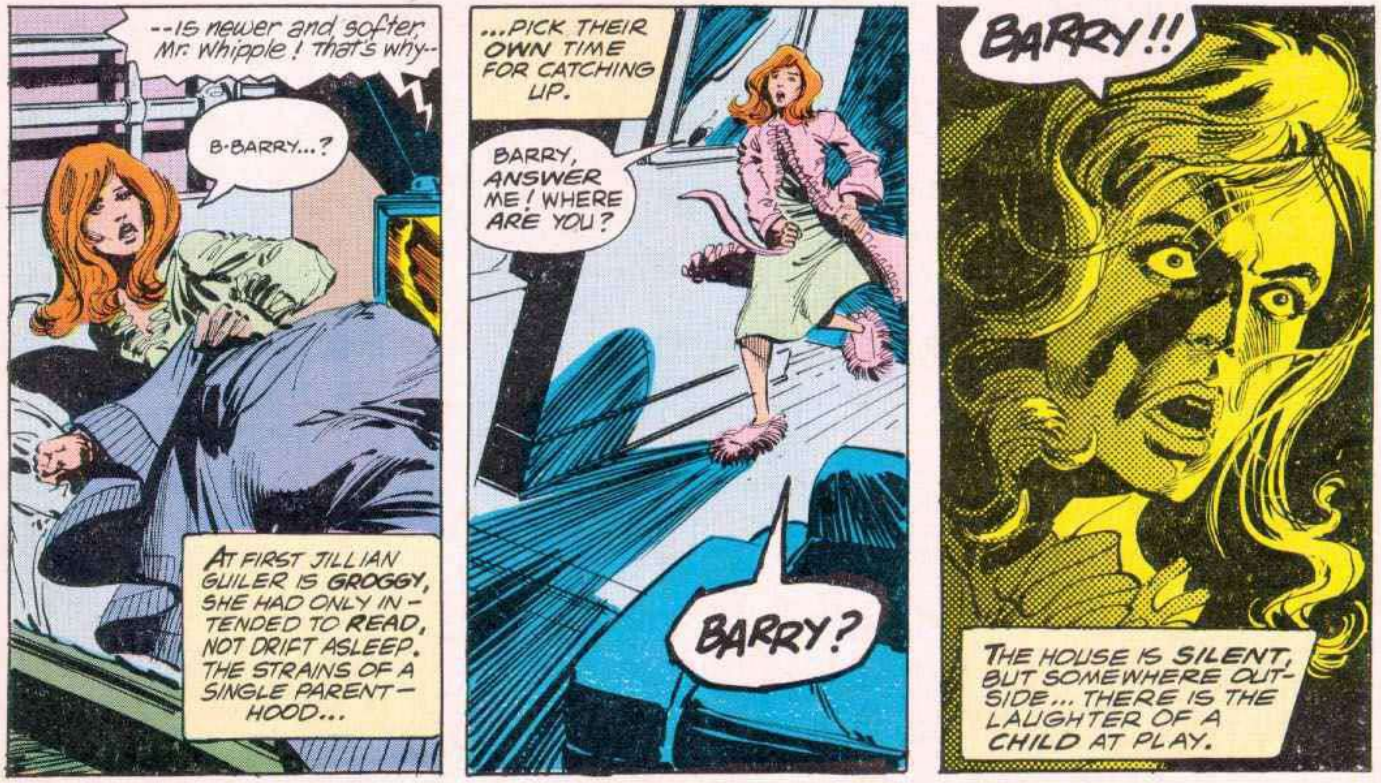
AIREAST, BREAK RIGHT. ABANDON FLIGHT LEVEL 350!
TWA 517, DESCEND IMMEDIATELY TO LEVEL THREE-ZERO-ONE AND MAINTAIN IT!
THEN THE AIRWAVES VIBRATE WITH A DEAFENING ROAR...

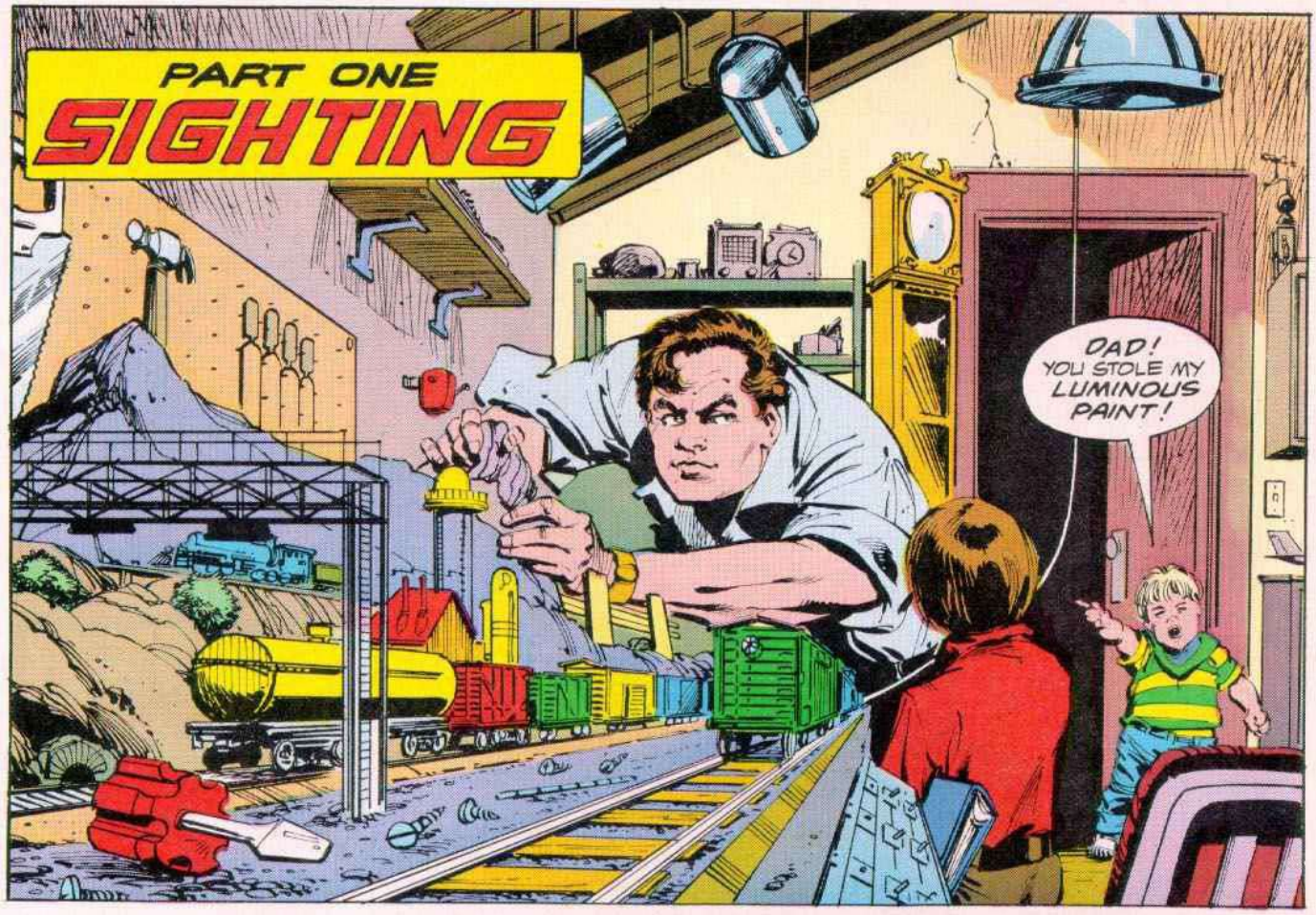
CONTROL...? WHATEVER THAT WAS... IT JUST WENT PAST US.
ROGER, AIREAST. EITHER OF YOU WANT TO FILE A REPORT ON THIS?

FOR LONG MOMENTS THERE IS SILENCE FROM THE TWO APPROACHING PLANES.
UNTIL...
UH... NEGATIVE, AIR CONTROL--
--WE WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT KIND TO FILE!


MUNCIE, INDIANA. 9:40 P.M. FOUR YEAR OLD BARRY GUILER HAS BEEN ASLEEP FOR HALF AN HOUR...
SUDDENLY...
RRRRRRRRRRR
...HE IS AWAKE TO A SYMPHONY OF FLICKERING LIGHTS AND GRINDING GEARS. IT STARTS WITH ONE SPACE WARRIOR... BUT SWIFTLY SPREADS TO EVERY BATTERY-OPERATED TOY IN THE ROOM...
...EACH MAKING ITS OWN SPECIAL MUSIC...CALLING THE BOY TO PLAY.

GIGGLING, BARRY ANSWERS THE CALL. THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN THE REST OF THE HOUSE. FUNNY THINGS. DRAWING HIM HAPPILY ALONG...
...FROM ROOM TO ROOM...
... AND BEYOND!!


--IS newer and softer, Mr. Whipple! That's why--
B-BARRY...?
AT FIRST JILLIAN GUILER IS GROGGY, SHE HAD ONLY INTENDED TO READ, NOT DRIFT ASLEEP. THE STRAINS OF A SINGLE PARENTHOOD...
...PICK THEIR OWN TIME FOR CATCHING UP.
BARRY, ANSWER ME! WHERE ARE YOU?
BARRY?
BARRY!!
THE HOUSE IS SILENT, BUT SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE... THERE IS THE LAUGHTER OF A CHILD AT PLAY.


PART ONE
SIGHTING
DAD! YOU STOLE MY LUMINOUS PAINT!

I DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING, TOBY. WHAT KIND OF ACCUSATION IS THAT TO MAKE AGAINST A MAN--
--WHO IS SIMULTANEOUSLY BUILDING A MOUNTAIN AND INSTRUCTING HIS OLDEST SON IN THE WONDERS OF MATHEMATICS?
I NEVER STEAL YOUR STUFF!

I HATE MATH! ALL THESE DUMB PROBLEMS...
WHO NEEDS 'EM--?

I CAN ALWAYS USE THIS!
BRAD...

MATH IS LIKE LEARNING A NEW LANGUAGE...
I LIKE ENGLISH.

AND I WONDER IF IT'S UNDERSTOOD IN THIS HOUSE!
I'M STIR CRAZY, ROY! YOU PROMISED THIS WEEKEND WE'D GO SOMEWHERE! NOW, IT'S HALF OVER--

--AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN-- WATCHING YOU BUILD YOUR OWN LITTLE WORLD IN THIS WORK-ROOM!
WAM

TOMORROW, WE'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING I WANT... EVEN IF IT'S ONLY SEEING A MOVIE.
THIS HOUSE IS STARTING TO SUFFOCATE ME, ROY!
MOM, HE STOLE MY LUMINOUS PAINT.
OKAY, RONNIE, OKAY!

HEY, "PINNOCHIO" IS PLAYING! I LOVE THAT MOVIE... SO WILL THE KIDS.
THE CARTOON? THAT CRICKET SINGING ABOUT WISH-ING ON A STAR...?
SOUNDS DUMB! LET'S PLAY MINATURE GOLF!

YOUR DECISION. WE CAN PLAY GOLF-- WITH CROWDS, WAITING FOR TURNS, AND SCORING ZILCH--
OR, THERE'S "PINNOCHIO"--
WHICH HAS MUSIC AND MAGICAL STUFF YOU'LL REMEMBER ALL YOUR LIVES.

WE WANT MINATURE GOLF!
DID I MENTION ABOUT MONSTRO THE WHALE OR STROMBOLI AND--
RING!

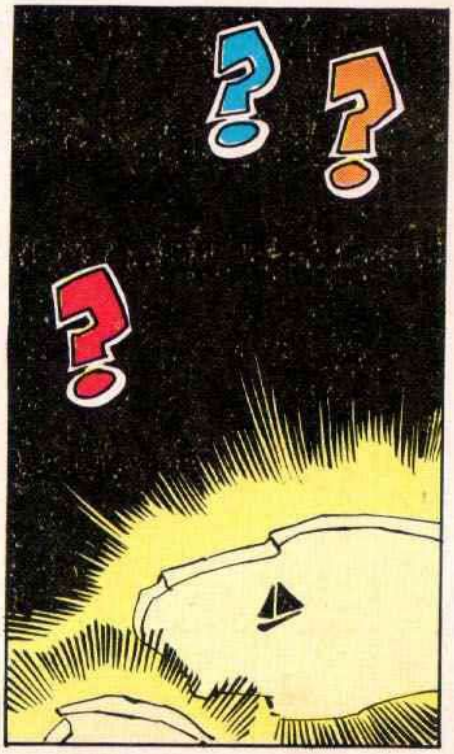
HELLO. OH, HI, IKE...
MY KIDS, MY OWN KIDS--
--WON'T GO SEE "PINNOCHIO." WHAT A WORLD. WONDER IF I EVEN BELONG IN IT ANY-MORE...

WHAT, IKE...? I CAN'T RELAY ALL THAT. YOU'D BETTER TALK TO HIM!

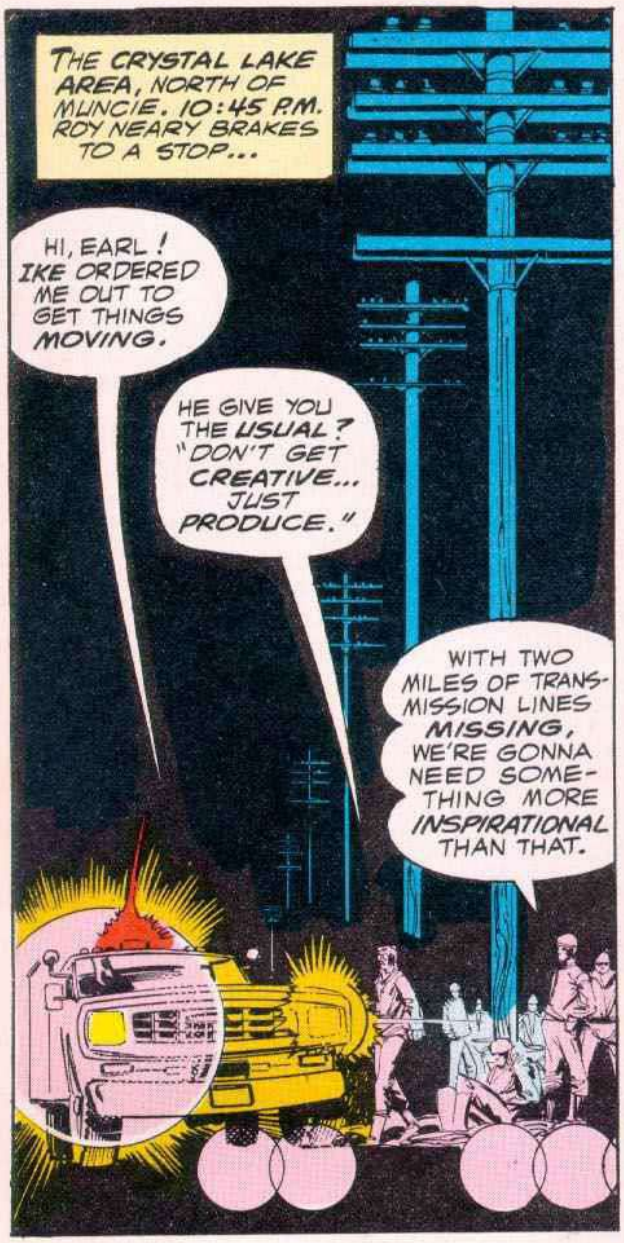
NEARY, WE'VE GOT A BIG DRAIN ON THE PRIMARY VOLTAGE. GONNA NEED YOU AND EVERY OTHER WATER AND POWER EMPLOYEE TONIGHT.
THEY'VE ALREADY LOST A BANK OF TRANSFORMERS AT THE GILMORE SUB-STATION--

--THAT'LL HIT THE SUBURBS FAST. BETTER GET YOUR ACT IN GEAR WHILE YOU STILL GOT THE LIGHT!

CLICK!



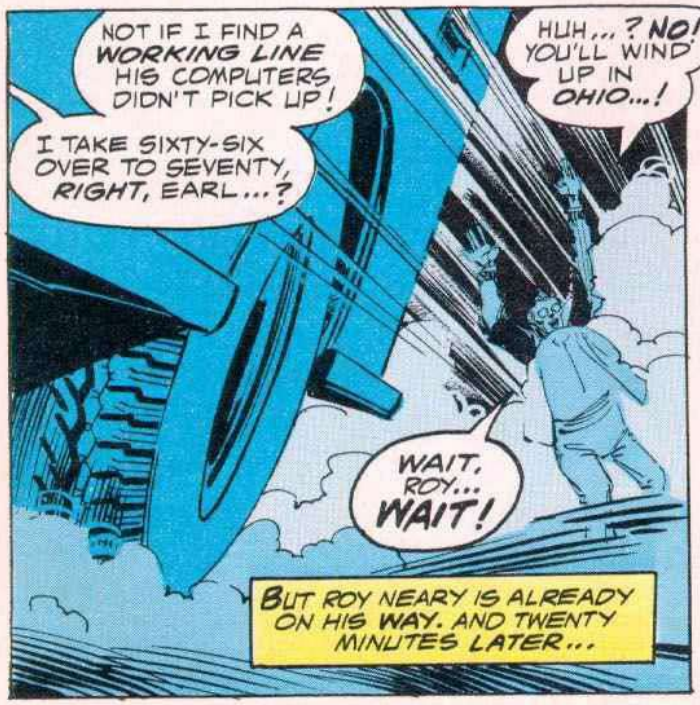
SEE! I TOLD YOU HE STOLE MY LUMINOUS PAINT!

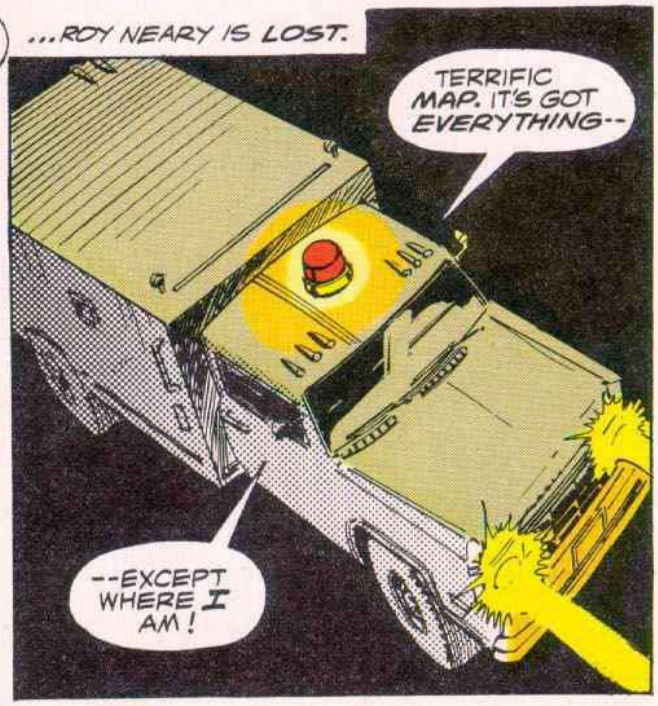

THE CRYSTAL LAKE AREA, NORTH OF MUNCIE. 10:45 P.M. ROY NEARY BRAKES TO A STOP...
HI, EARL! IKE ORDERED ME OUT TO GET THINGS MOVING.
HE GIVE YOU THE USUAL? "DON'T GET CREATIVE... JUST PRODUCE."
WITH TWO MILES OF TRANSMISSION LINES MISSING, WE'RE GONNA NEED SOMETHING MORE INSPIRATIONAL THAN THAT.

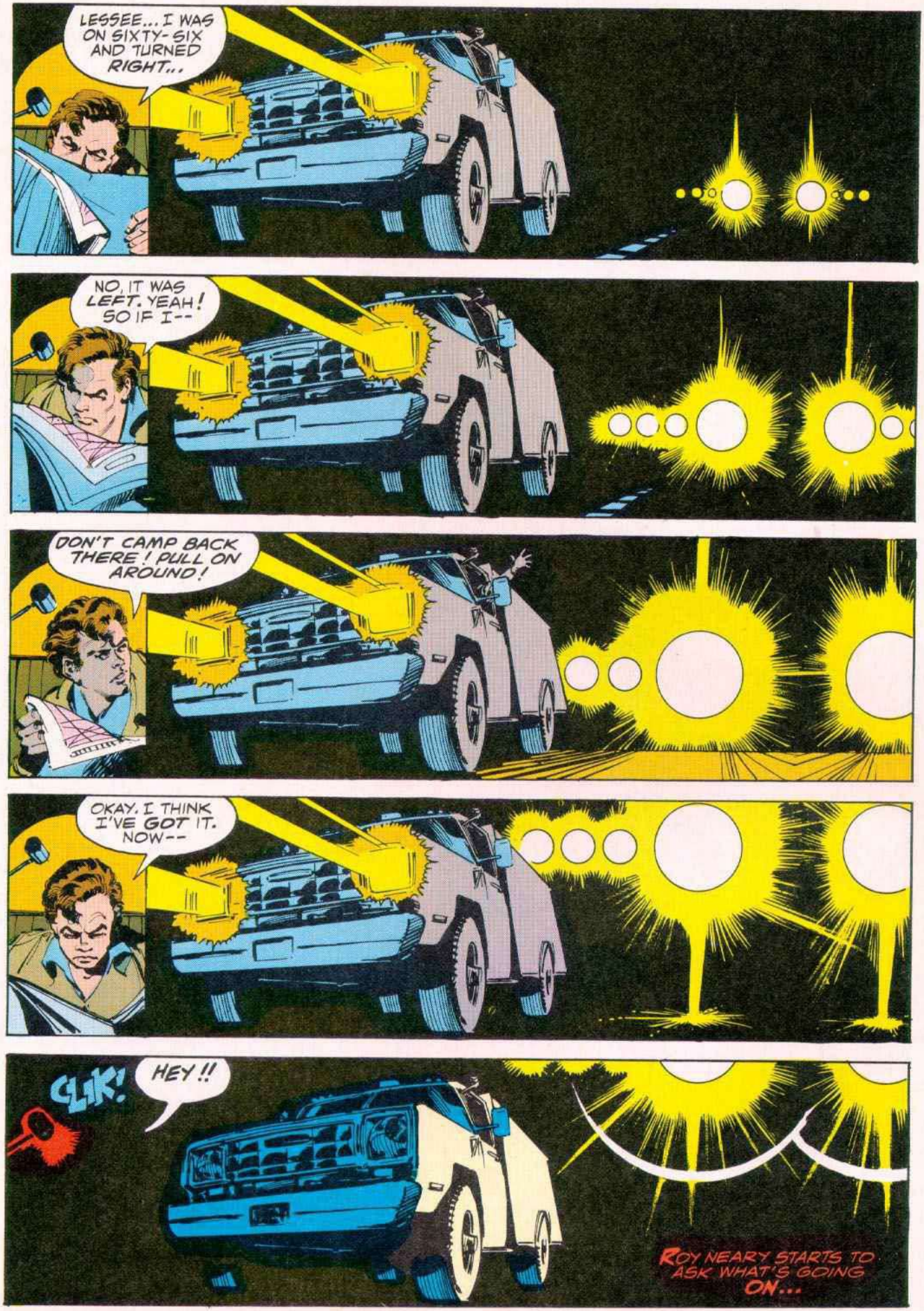
TWO MILES WORTH...? I LOVE VANDALS WHO THINK BIG.
IT'S THAT KIND'A NIGHT, ROY. LOTS OF CRAZY STUFF GOING ON!
MAYBE IT'S REALLY HALLOWEEN.

YEAH. I'VE BEEN MONITORING POLICE CALLS ON THE CB AND--
VRRP ANY UNIT... TOLONO HILLS VICINITY... LADY COMPLAINING ZAT ABOUT BRIGHT OUTDOOR LIGHTING... DOGS HOWLING KRRK
LIGHTING IN TOLONO? IT WAS FIRST TO GO DARK!

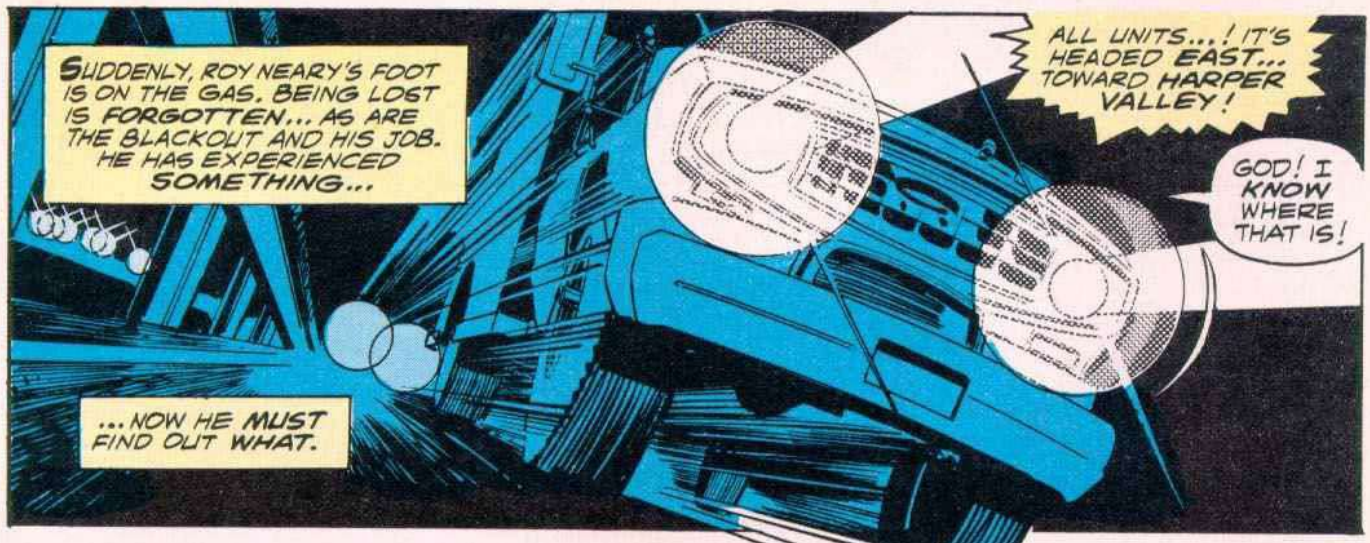
DO YOUR BEST HERE--
--I'M CHECKING THAT OUT.
NO, ROY!
IKE'LL SUSPEND YOUR TAIL FOR TAKING OFF!

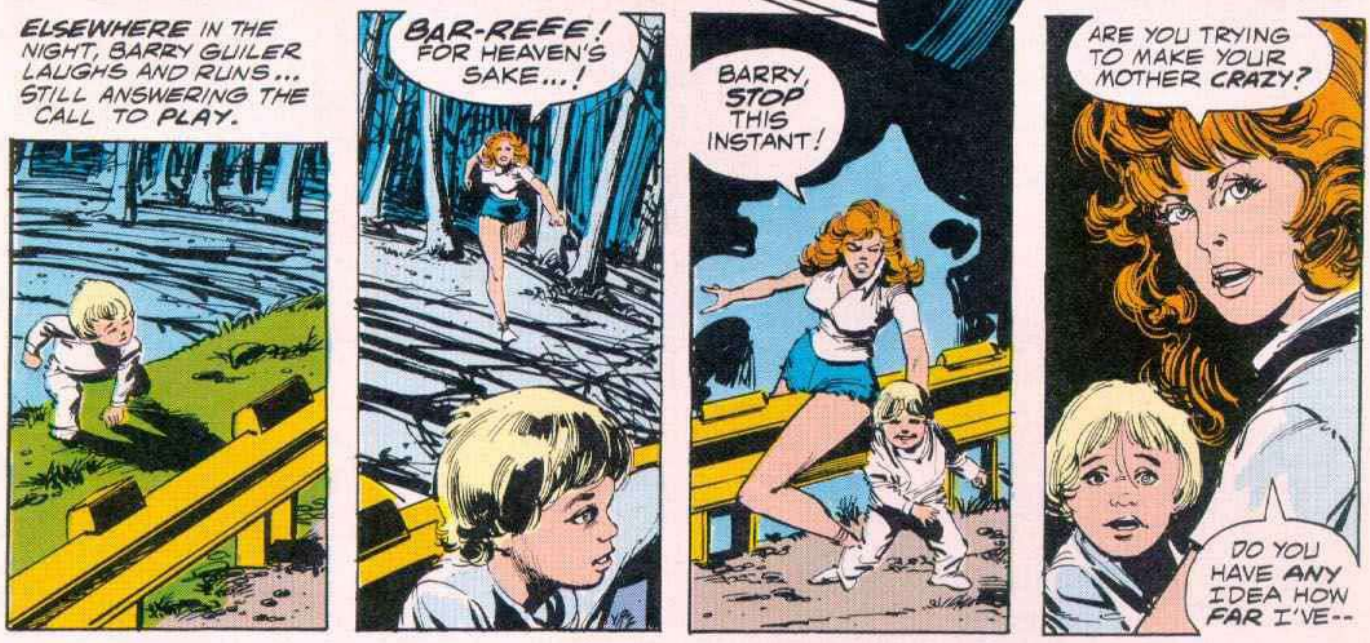

NOT IF I FIND A WORKING LINE HIS COMPUTERS DIDN'T PICK UP!
I TAKE SIXTY-SIX OVER TO SEVENTY, RIGHT, EARL...?
HUH...? NO! YOU'LL WIND UP IN OHIO...!
WAIT, ROY... WAIT!
BUT ROY NEARY IS ALREADY ON HIS WAY. AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER...


...ROY NEARY IS LOST.
TERRIFIC MAP. IT'S GOT EVERYTHING--
--EXCEPT WHERE I AM!


LESSEE... I WAS ON SIXTY-SIX AND TURNED RIGHT...
NO, IT WAS LEFT. YEAH! SO IF I--
DON'T CAMP BACK THERE! PULL ON AROUND!
OKAY. I THINK I'VE GOT IT. NOW--
CLIK!
HEY!!
ROY NEARY STARTS TO ASK WHAT'S GOING ON...

...WHEN THE TINY UNIVERSE THAT IS HIS TRUCK CAB TURNS SEARINGLY BRIGHT... AND BEGINS TO FLY APART!
RUMBLE
RUMB
RUMBL
RUMBLE
RUMBL
THEN...
...IT ENDS.
OH, MY GOD!
THIS IS TOLONO POLICE UNIT 1011. OFFICERS REQUEST ASSISTANCE--
--WE'RE CHASING SOMETHING DEFINITELY NOT MANUFACTURED IN DETROIT!

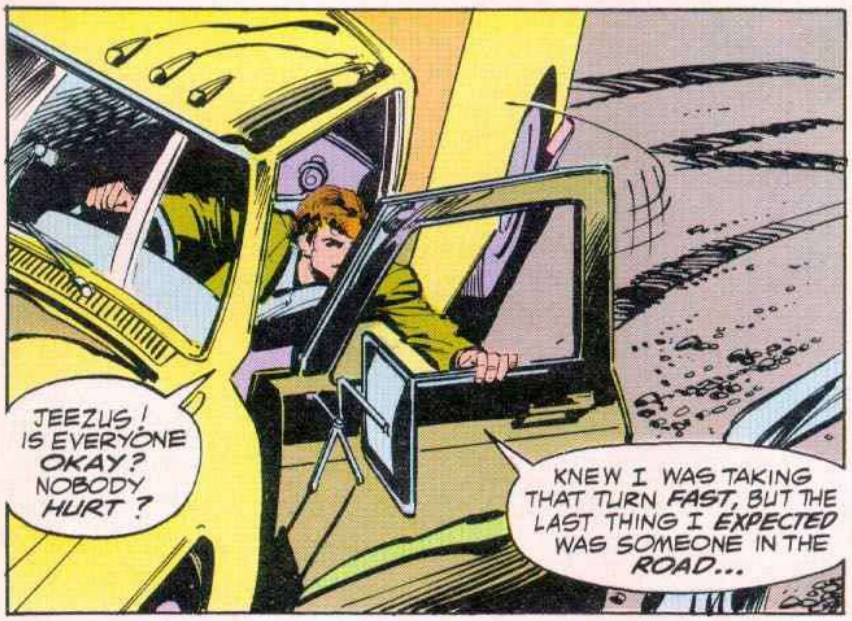

SUDDENLY, ROY NEARY'S FOOT IS ON THE GAS. BEING LOST IS FORGOTTEN... AS ARE THE BLACKOUT AND HIS JOB. HE HAS EXPERIENCED SOMETHING...
ALL UNITS...! IT'S HEADED EAST... TOWARD HARPER VALLEY!
GOD! I KNOW WHERE THAT IS!
...NOW HE MUST FIND OUT WHAT.


ELSEWHERE IN THE NIGHT, BARRY GUILER LAUGHS AND RUNS... STILL ANSWERING THE CALL TO PLAY.
BAR-REEE! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...!
BARRY, STOP THIS INSTANT!
ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE YOUR MOTHER CRAZY?
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW FAR I'VE--

BEST BE FINDIN' YOUR SPOT. T'WON'T BE LONG NOW.
A QUESTION RISES IN JILLIAN GUILER'S MIND...

BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO ASK IT...
RRRRROOOAAAAARRRRRRRR!

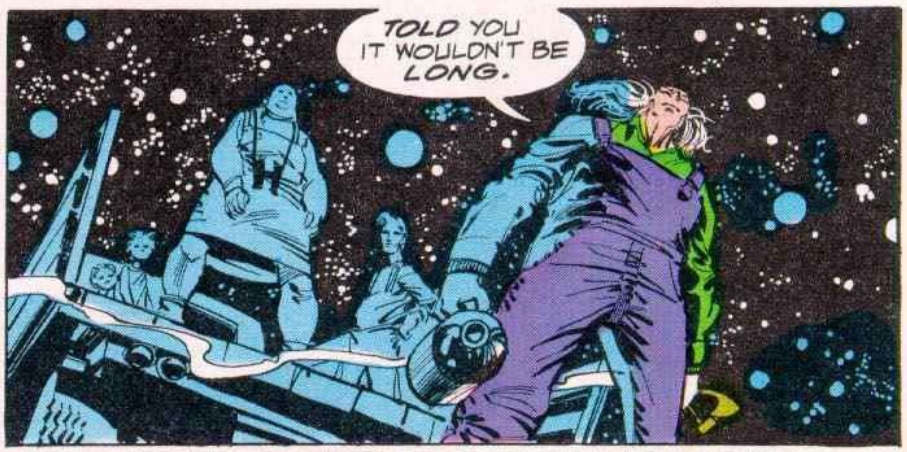
...AND BARELY TIME TO MOVE!
SCREECH!


JEEZUS! IS EVERYONE OKAY? NOBODY HURT?
KNEW I WAS TAKING THAT TURN FAST, BUT THE LAST THING I EXPECTED WAS SOMEONE IN THE ROAD...

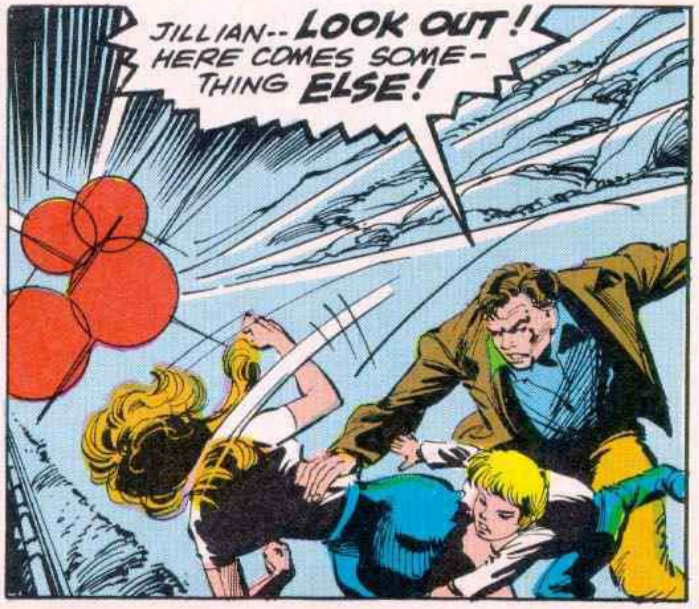
WE'RE FINE... I THINK!

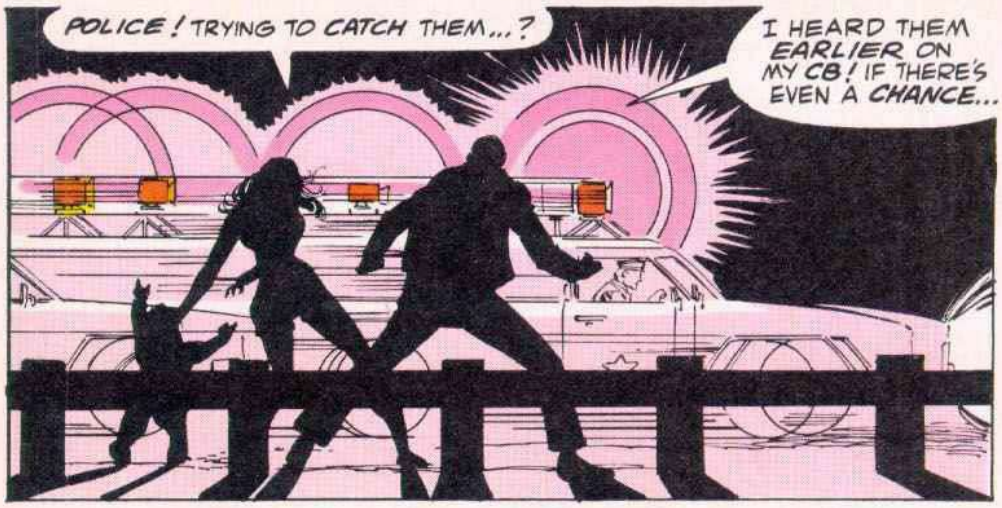
THANK GOD! NAME'S ROY NEARY, I--
JILL--
--JILLIAN GUILER. THIS IS...

HEY! THE WIND...! IT'S STARTING TO RISE...
W-WHAT...?


TOLD YOU IT WOULDN'T BE LONG.
THEN, ABOVE THE WIND, THERE IS ANOTHER SOUND...

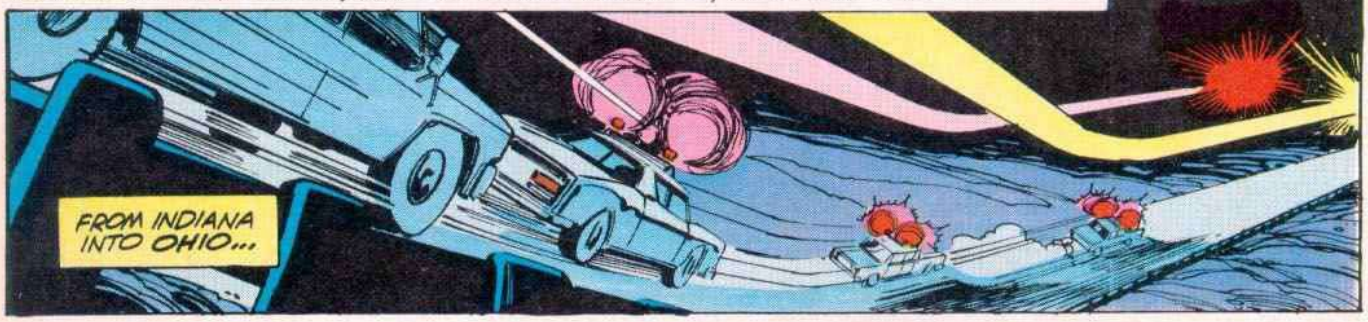
...AS **THUNDER** BURSTS OVER THE ISOLATED HILLSIDE. THE THUNDER OF **SHOOTING STARS** IN FLIGHT, DANCING IN RECKLESS **FORMATION** DOWN AN INDIANA ROAD!

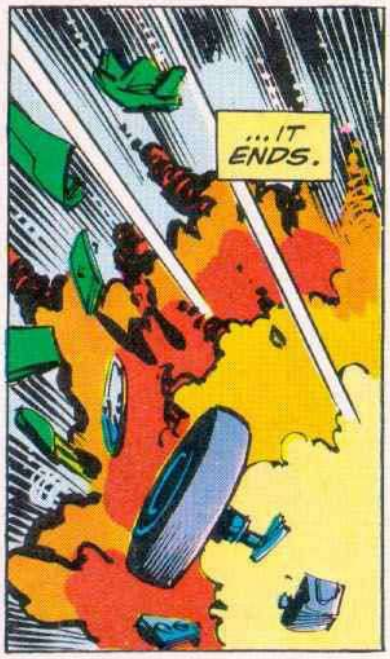




IN MOMENTS, ROY NEARY HAS JOINED THE PURSUIT..

...A PURSUIT THAT IS WILD, NON-STOP. OVER TURNPIKE, THROUGH TOLL BOOTHS...

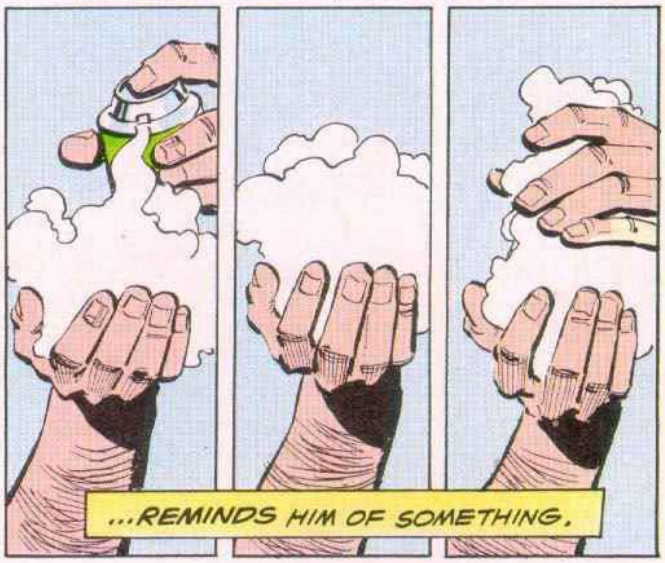




LEFT BEHIND: A 5,000 DOLLAR WRECK, ITS VERY LUCKY, LARGELY UNHARMED DRIVER...

...AND, ALMOST DESPERATELY, WANTS TO SHARE IT!
RONNIE! WAKE UP!
THE KIDS ARE IN THE WAGON ALREADY. C'MON! YOU HAVE TO SEE SOMETHING WITH ME.
WAM
THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING...
TELL ME IT ISN'T HAPPENING, ROY.
THE DEPARTMENT'S BEEN CALLING AND CALLING... THEY COULDN'T FIND YOU... SOUNDED MAD AND...
NEVER MIND THAT.
COME ON! YOU'VE BEEN AFTER ME TO TAKE YOU OUT.
NOT AT FOUR IN THE MORNING...
THIS IS WORTH IT, RONNIE... BELIEVE ME!
BUT ONE HOUR LATER, ON THE SILENT SUMMITT ROY NEARY VISITED EARLIER...
...BELIEF IS IN SHORT SUPPLY.
...HONEST-TO-GOD, RONNIE! I SAW THEM... RIGHT HERE.
ROY, IT'S KOOK STUFF. NORMAL PEOPLE DO NOT SEE THEM.
WELL, I DID, HONEY. WHOOSHING... ROARING ALONG...! SHAPED KIND'A... LIKE AN ICE CREAM CONE.
ICE CREAM CONE...?
WHAT FLAVOR, ROY?
OKAY. OKAY. IT DOES SOUND DUMB.
LIKE PINNOCHIO DOES TO THE KIDS.
DARLING...
BUT IF WE JUST KEEP WAITING... IF THEY JUST COME AGAIN...
ROY...
DON'T YOU THINK I'M TAKING THIS REALLY WELL?

PLEASED, ROY BEGINS TO SHAVE. AND FINDS THE PILE OF CREAMY LATHER ...

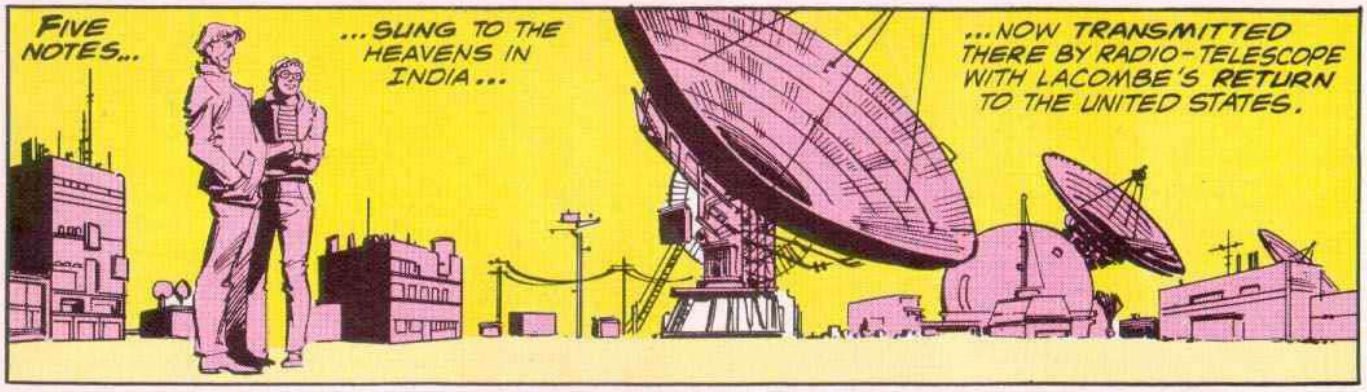


PART TWO
EVIDENCE

INDIA. THE BENARES VALLEY. THOUSANDS OF HINDUS GATHER BEFORE THEIR LEADER IN LOUD, JOYFUL PRAYER...

THEIR PRAYER IS A MELODIC CHANT. FIVE HAUNTING NOTES SUNG TOWARD THE HEAVENS...

...AND ONLY INCIDENTALLY TO THE MICROPHONES OF THE WESTERN SCIENTIFIC CREW IN THEIR MIDST.



THE PROFESSOR AND CARTOGRAPHER-TURNED-TRANSLATOR LAUGHLIN, ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE PROJECT TEAM, BEGIN A VIGIL...

UH... THIS WHOLE BUSINESS HAS MY WIFE PRETTY UPSET. KIDS, TOO.
I'VE GOT THREE. TWO BOYS, A GIRL.
YOU MET MINE--
--MR. CLEAN OVER THERE.
HE'S CUTE UNDER THE DIRT...! WHAT'S THAT HE'S MAKING...?
LOOKS KIND'A FAMILIAR, HUH?
MAYBE IF IT HAD SOME LINES ALONG HERE...
IT DOES REMIND ME OF SOMETHING. BUT--
--I LIKE IT BETTER THIS WAY.
SO DO I. ONLY I DON'T KNOW W--
HERE THEY COME!
A CHILL GOES THROUGH ROY NEARY. HIS EYES BURN, HIS BODY TREMBLES...
STOP & BE FRIENDLY
BUT HE HAS NO NOTION IF IT IS OUT OF FEAR...

HE ONLY KNOWS HE HAS TO BE HERE, TO SEE...

THEN THE ANSWER IS UPON HIM AND EVERY OTHER SEEKER ON THE HILLTOP...

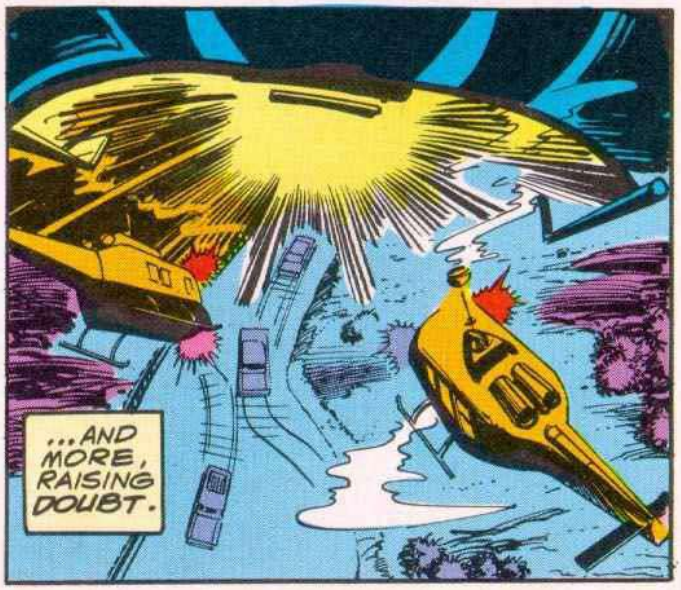
HELICOPTERS!

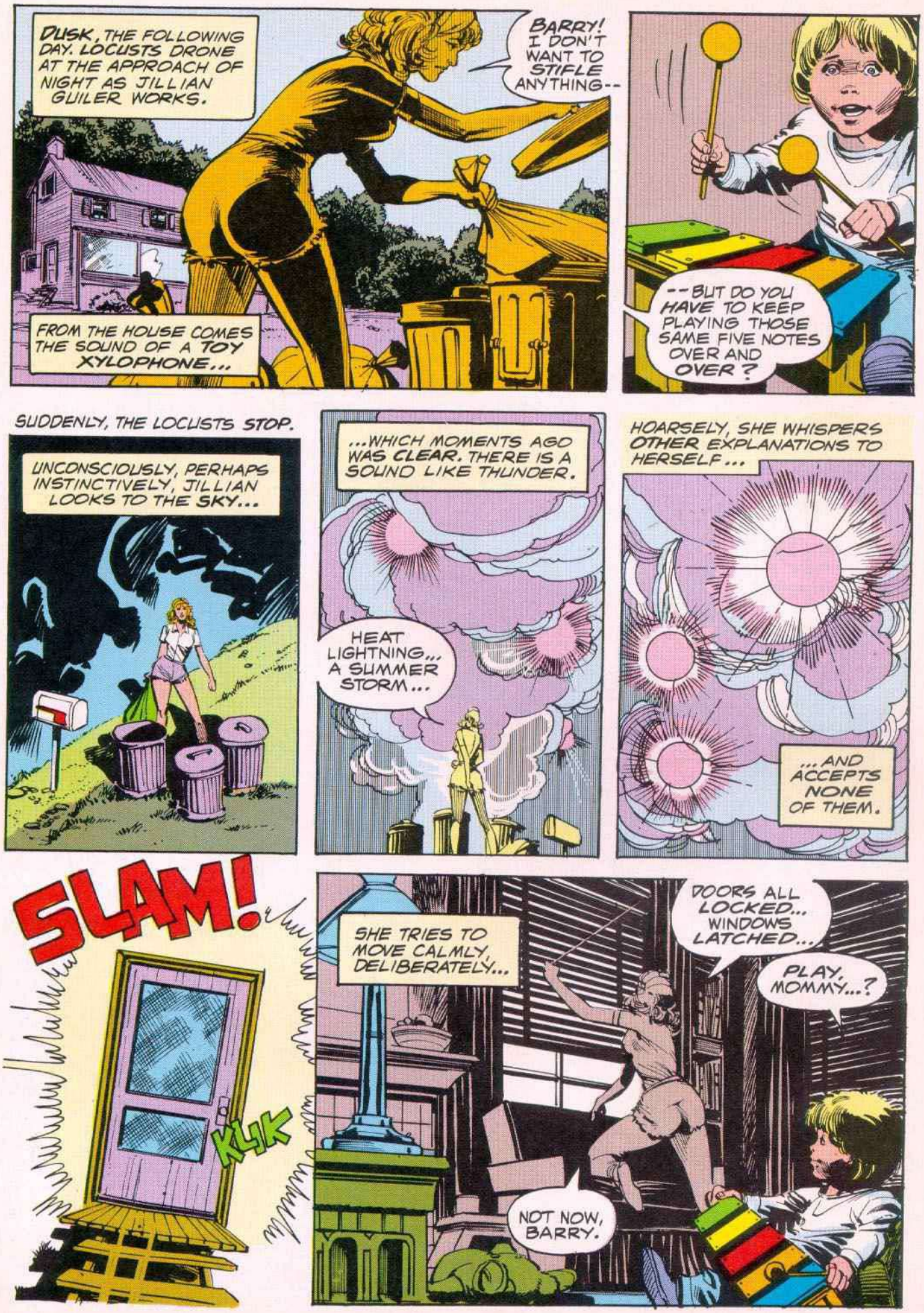
MY GOD! THE NOISE--! THE WIND--!

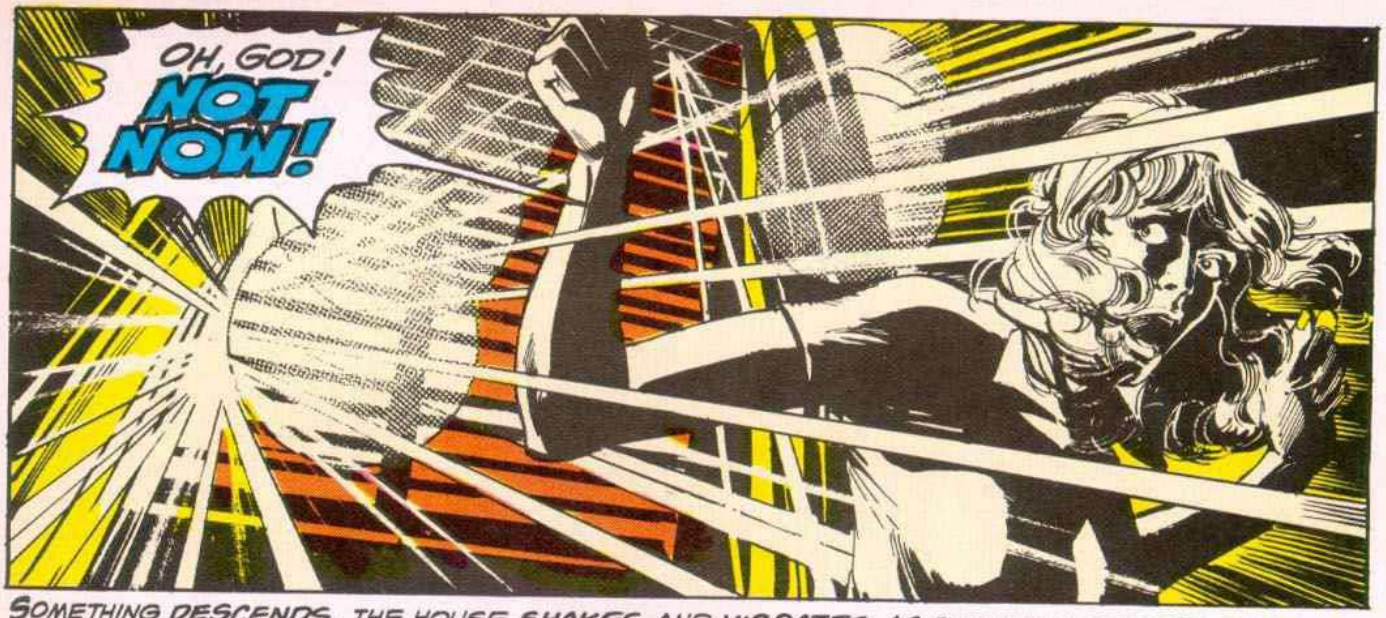
LIKE...THE LAST TIME!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

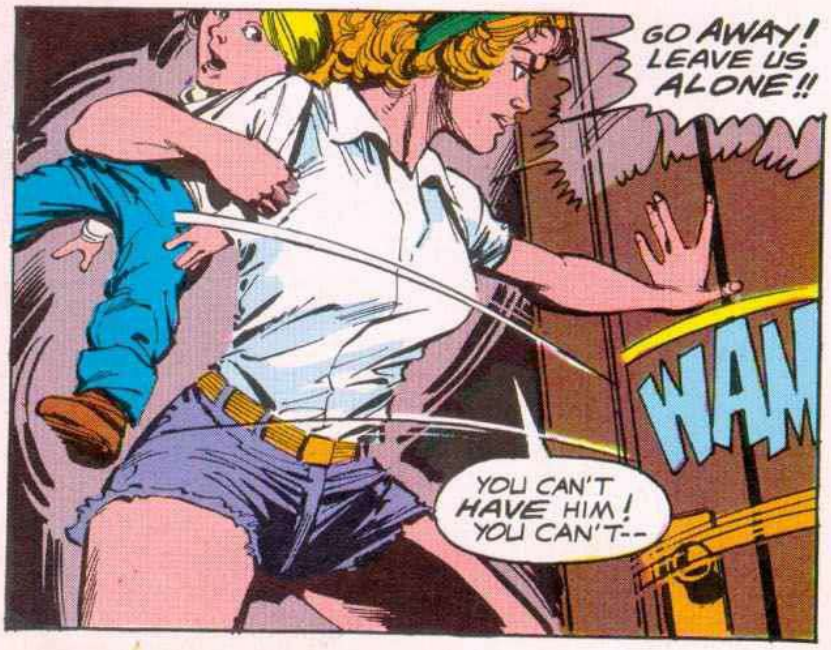
WHAT WAS A VIGIL SWIFTLY BECOMES CHAOS--




DUSK, THE FOLLOWING DAY. LOCUSTS DRONE AT THE APPROACH OF NIGHT AS JILLIAN GUILER WORKS.
BARRY! I DON'T WANT TO STIFLE ANYTHING--
FROM THE HOUSE COMES THE SOUND OF A TOY XYLOPHONE...
--BUT DO YOU HAVE TO KEEP PLAYING THOSE SAME FIVE NOTES OVER AND OVER?
SUDDENLY, THE LOCUSTS STOP.
UNCONSCIOUSLY, PERHAPS INSTINCTIVELY, JILLIAN LOOKS TO THE SKY...
...WHICH MOMENTS AGO WAS CLEAR. THERE IS A SOUND LIKE THUNDER.
HEAT LIGHTNING... A SUMMER STORM...
HOARSELY, SHE WHISPERS OTHER EXPLANATIONS TO HERSELF...
...AND ACCEPTS NONE OF THEM.
SLAM!
KLIK
SHE TRIES TO MOVE CALMLY, DELIBERATELY...
DOORS ALL LOCKED... WINDOWS LATCHED...
PLAY, MOMMY...?
NOT NOW, BARRY.

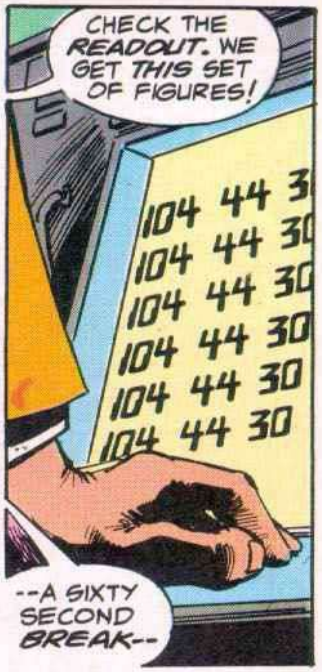


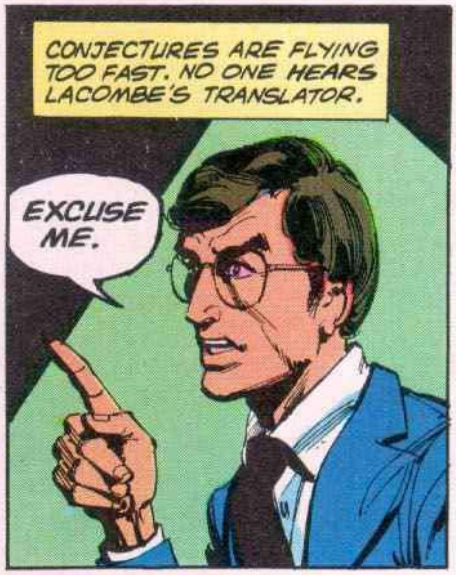
SOMETHING DESCENDS. THE HOUSE SHAKES AND VIBRATES AS THOUGH BATTERED BY A GOBLIN WIND.



BUT THEN... JILLIAN'S HOUSE GOES MAD.
EVERYDAY OBJECTS, MECHANIZED CONVENIENCES, BECOME AN ASSAULT FORCE...
...A TOTAL SENSORY BARRAGE THAT FINALLY, ULTIMATELY, MUST...
BBRROAAMMM!
...OVERWHELM.
LONG MINUTES HAVE PASSED BEFORE JILLIAN REALIZES...
I-IT'S... STOPPED. AND...
...AND HER SON IS GONE.
BAARRRY!
BAARRRRRRRR
GUILER

CALIFORNIA. GOLDSTONE RADIOTELESCOPE STATION 14. INTENT TECHNICIANS ARE LISTENING TO THE SKY... AND LISTENING IN FRUSTRATION.





BUT IN A PROJECT CONCERNED WITH THE COSMOS, WORLD MAPS ARE HARD TO COME BY.

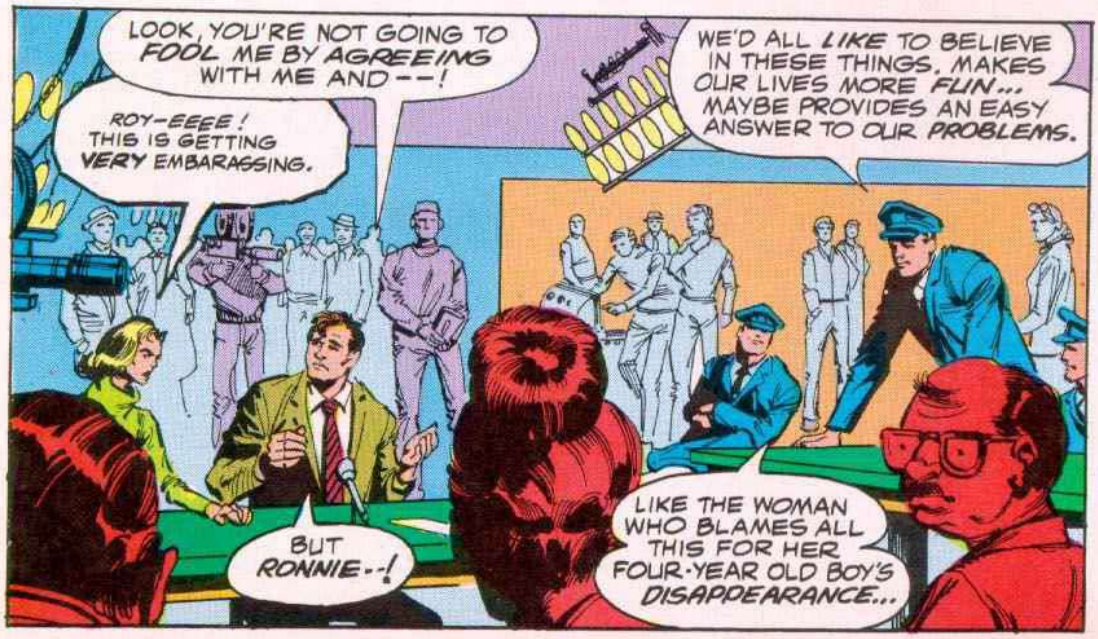
AH SAW BIGFOOT ONCE'T--

--SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK, NINETEEN AN' FIFTY-ONE.
AIN'T A SIGHT I'D CARE TO SEE TWICE'T. HAD A FOOT ON 'IM THAT...

DAX AIR FORCE BASE. A HEARING IS IN PROGRESS ON RECENT UFO SIGHTINGS...
ROY NEARY, MAJOR. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW, BUT IT WAS REAL, DAMMIT... AND IT COST ME MY JOB.
SOMETHING'S GOING ON! WE DESERVE AN ANSWER.

I WISH WE HAD ONE, MR. NEARY. IF THE EVIDENCE IN THESE SIGHTINGS EVER STOOD UP THEN WE COULD TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY AND INVESTIGATE.
WAIT A MINUTE!
WE ARE THE EVIDENCE! WE SAW--!

THINK YOU SAW, MR. NEARY, AS EVERYONE EARLIER THOUGHT THIS WAS A UFO--
--INSTEAD OF A PEWTER PLATE SAILED BY MY SON.
OF COURSE, WHAT YOU SIGHTED MIGHT BE REAL! WE DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH. WE WON'T TELL YOU WE DO.


LOOK, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FOOL ME BY AGREEING WITH ME AND--!
ROY-EEEE! THIS IS GETTING VERY EMBARASSING.
WE'D ALL LIKE TO BELIEVE IN THESE THINGS. MAKES OUR LIVES MORE FUN... MAYBE PROVIDES AN EASY ANSWER TO OUR PROBLEMS.
BUT RONNIE--!
LIKE THE WOMAN WHO BLAMES ALL THIS FOR HER FOUR-YEAR OLD BOY'S DISAPPEARANCE...

HEY...!

BUT THE ATTENTION OF THE AIR FORCE SPOKESMAN HAS MOVED FROM ROY NEARY TO OTHERS. IT DOES NOT COME BACK.
THERE WERE TV CAMERAS, ROY... CAPTURING EACH MORTIFYING SECOND FOR EYEWITNESS NEWS!
RONNIE, I WAS JUST TRYING TO PROVE I'M NOT CRAZY.
ROY, THOSE OTHER PEOPLE WERE OVER THE EDGE... ON THEIR WAY TO THE ROCKS BELOW.
STANDING UP WITH THEM SEEMS A PRETTY STRANGE WAY TO PROVE--!
WAIT, HONEY. WHAT--?
OVER HERE, MRS. GUILER!
LOOK AT ME, JILLIAN!
HERE, LADY!
THIS WAY!
TELL US AGAIN ABOUT THE CLOUDS AND THE LIGHTS, MRS. GUILER!
WHERE DO YOU THINK BARRY IS NOW?
HEY! HEY, JILLIAN! IT'S ME...!
ROY...!
SHE CAN'T POSSIBLY HEAR YOU ABOVE THAT MOB.
LET'S GO HOME.
AND, ROY--
--WHO IS THIS JILLIAN?

JILLIAN GUILER IS A WOMAN OBSESSED. AND WITH EACH DAY HER YOUNG SON REMAINS MISSING...

...THAT OBSESSION GROWS.

DRAWING ON SKILLS THE DEMANDS OF BEING A PARENT FORCED HER TO NEGLECT, SHE PAINTS, SHE SKETCHES. ONE SUBJECT. OVER AND OVER.. AGAIN AND AGAIN.

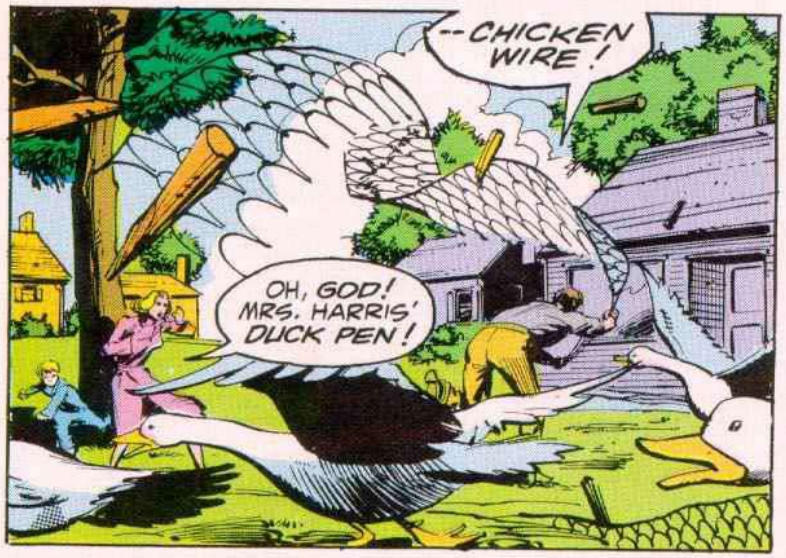
MEANWHILE, A CARAVAN HAS BEGUN TO ROLL...

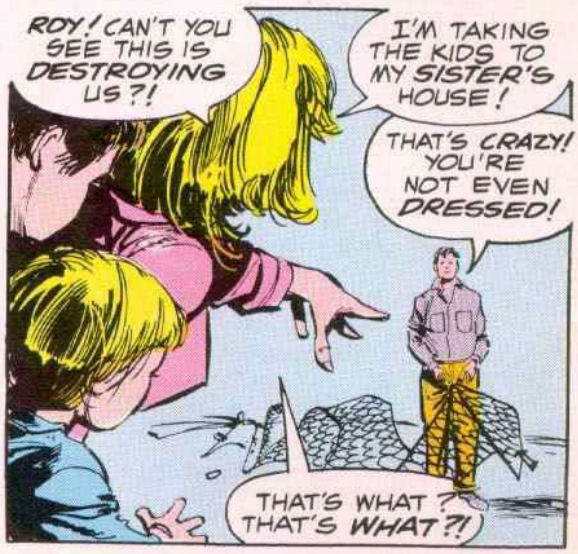
ITS PURPOSE IS SECRET, AS IS ITS DESTINATION. AND NOT EVEN PROFESSOR LACOMBE IS CERTAIN IF IT MOVES TOWARD A BEGINNING ... OR AN END.

MUNCIE. ROY NEARY, DEEP IN THOUGHT, IS HUMMING A SONG SUNG BY A CARTOON CRICKET IN A MOVIE HE LOVES VERY MUCH.

AND RONNIE NEARY'S HOPES...

...JOIN SHRUBS, SOD, AND SELECTED TRASH HURTLING INTO HER KITCHEN.





ROY NEARY IS A MAN OBSESSED. AND WITH EACH DAY HE IS ALIENATED FROM HIS WIFE AND FAMILY...

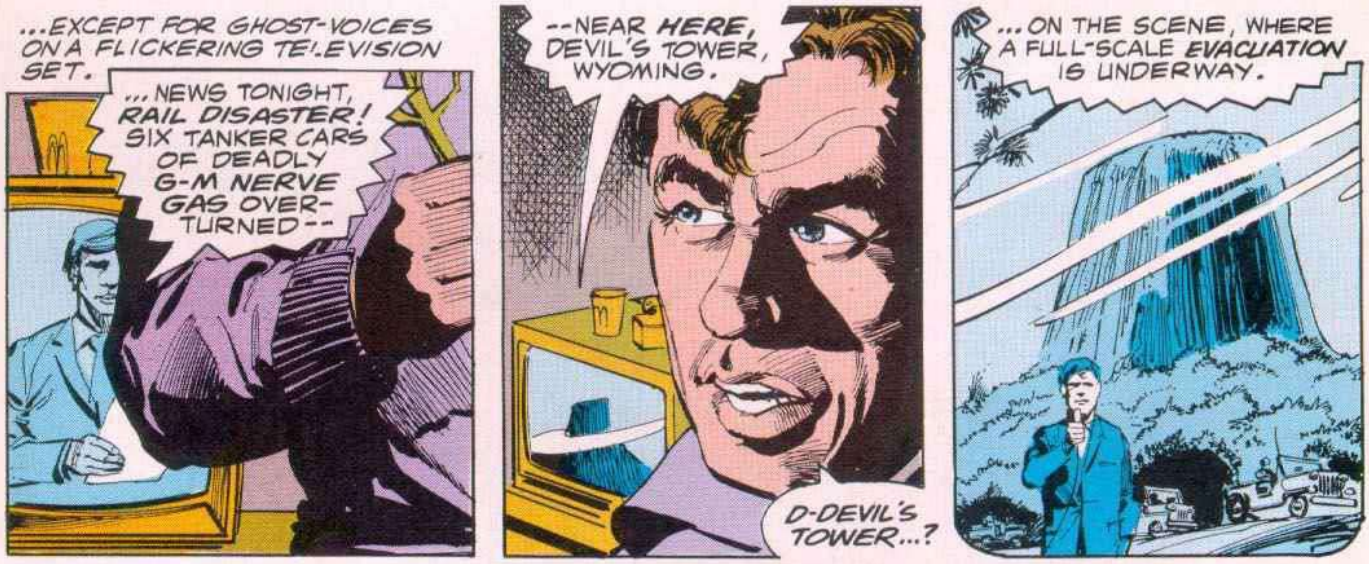
...THAT OBSESSION GROWS.

IT IS DONE. THE THING THAT HAS COST HIM ALL HE HOLDS DEAR, AND PERHAPS, HIS SANITY AS WELL.

HE IS TOO TIRED TO HATE IT, TOO NUMB TO DRAW SATISFACTION FROM IT.

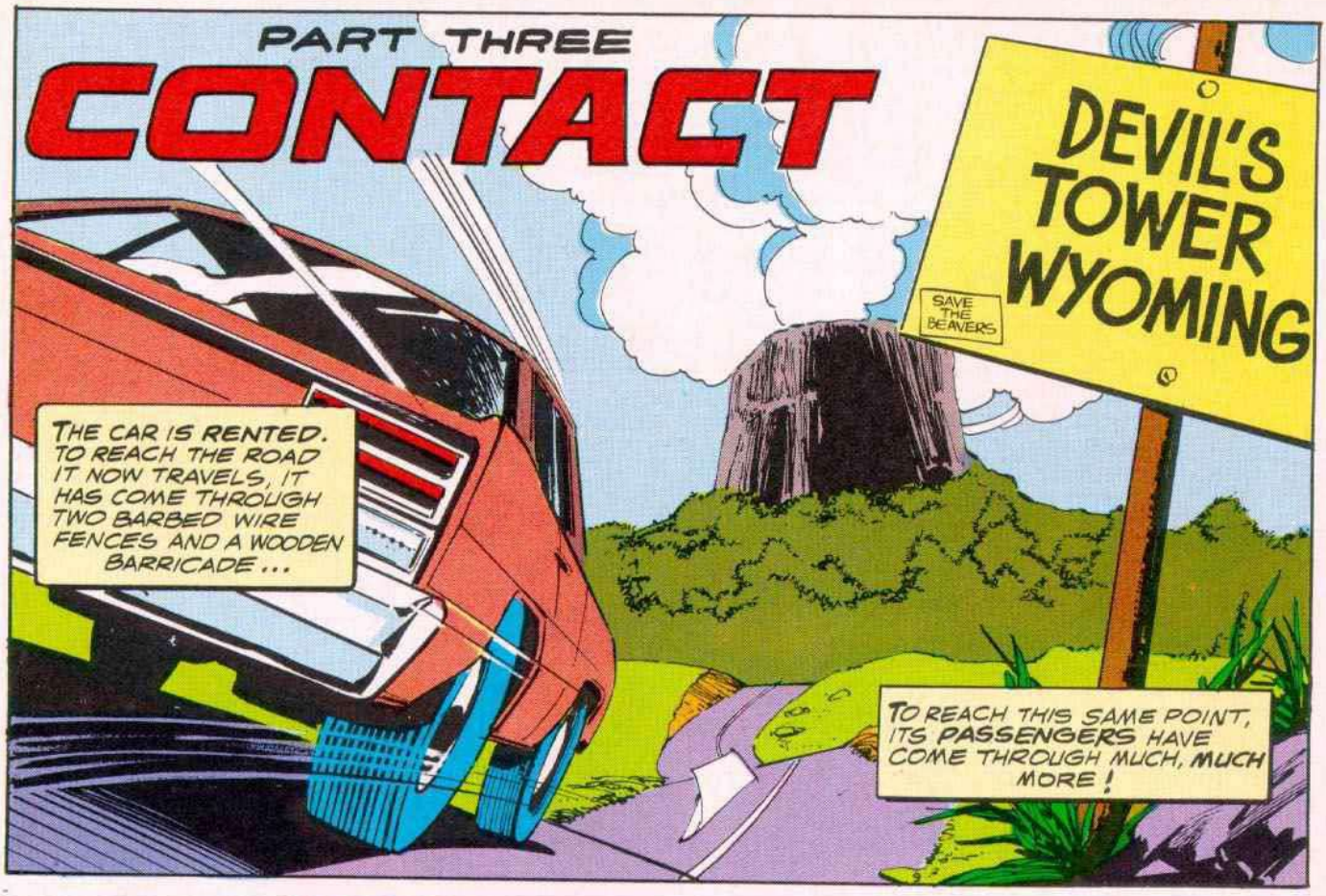
NOW, HE STUDIES IT FOR HOURS, MAKES MINOR ADJUSTMENTS, AND WAITS FOR A MOMENT OF ENLIGHTMENT THAT NEVER SEEMS TO COME.

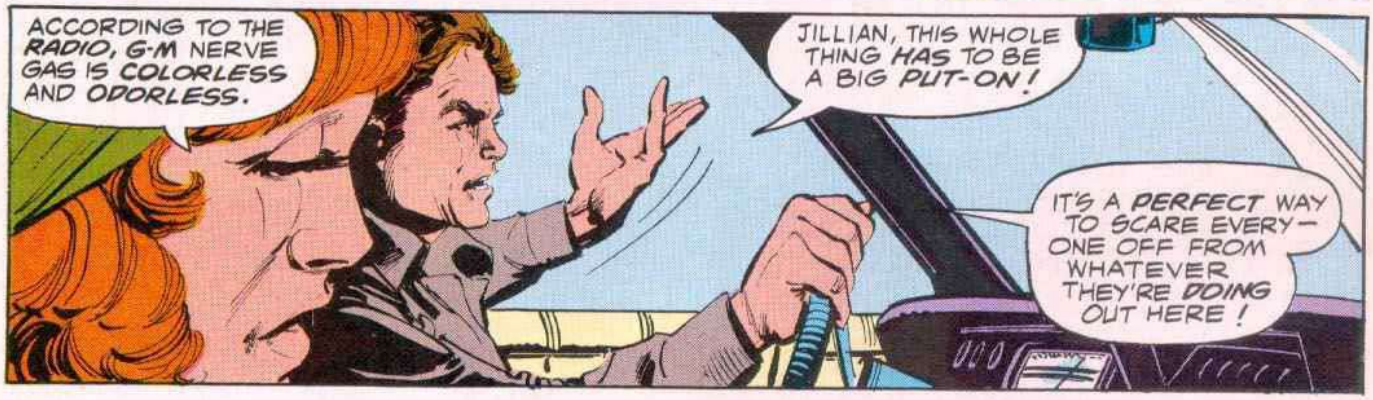
ROY NEARY IS ALONE...



PART THREE

CONTACT





FOR A TIME THEY RIDE IN SILENCE, EACH BREATH EXAGGERATED FROM WITHIN THEIR MASKS.
THEN...
ROY! WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL LOSE THEM IN THE TREES DOWN THIS DIRT ROAD AND--
-- AND IF YOU HADN'T RUN INTO OUR ROAD BLOCK, MR. NEARY, YOU MIGHT NOT BE ALIVE TO HAVE THIS CONVERSATION.
WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE? WHY DID YOUR SOLDIERS IN THE TINFOIL SUITS BRING ME TO THIS CAMP?
WHAT DID THEY DO WITH JILLIAN?
SHE'S IN NO DANGER! BUT TIME IS SHORT, AND PROFESSOR LACOMBE HERE NEEDS ANSWERS.
WHY DID YOU AND YOUR COMPANION RISK EXPOSING YOURSELVES--
--TO TOXINS IN THE AIR?
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE AIR!
WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT?
I-I... JUST... KNOW.
THEN MAKE ME A LIAR, M'SIEU NEARY--
--AND STEP OUT THAT DOOR.

OKAY. I'M HUMAN. I HAVE DOUBTS. BUT YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO MAKE PEOPLE CRAZY.
IF THIS IS ALL YOU CLAIM--
WHY DID I KNOW EVERY DETAIL OF THAT MOUNTAIN OUTSIDE--

--BEFORE I EVER SAW IT?

YOU FELT COMPELLED TO COME HERE? PERHAPS AFTER A... CLOSE ENCOUNTER WITH SOMETHING ... UNUSUAL?
YES! I WANTED-- I HAD--TO FIND THE ANSWER! THAT'S NOT CRAZY, IS IT?
NO, M'SIEU NEARY, IT'S NOT. IN FACT, I ENVY YOU.

AND PERHAPS IT IS THAT FEELING WHICH BRINGS LACOMBE TO A CONFRONTATION.
YOU CANNOT TURN HIM AND THE OTHERS AWAY. THESE PEOPLE ARE SPECIAL, THEY--
THEY'RE A SECURITY PROBLEM, PROFESSOR.
AND ON THIS SIDE OF DEVIL'S TOWER, THEY'RE MY RESPONSIBILITY!

YOU SAY THEY'RE ALL 'INVITED'... BUT THEY'RE SURE NOT AUTHORIZED!
WE CAN'T RISK HAVING CULTISTS OR FANATICS SUBVERT THE PROJECT--
--AND THAT'S FINAL.

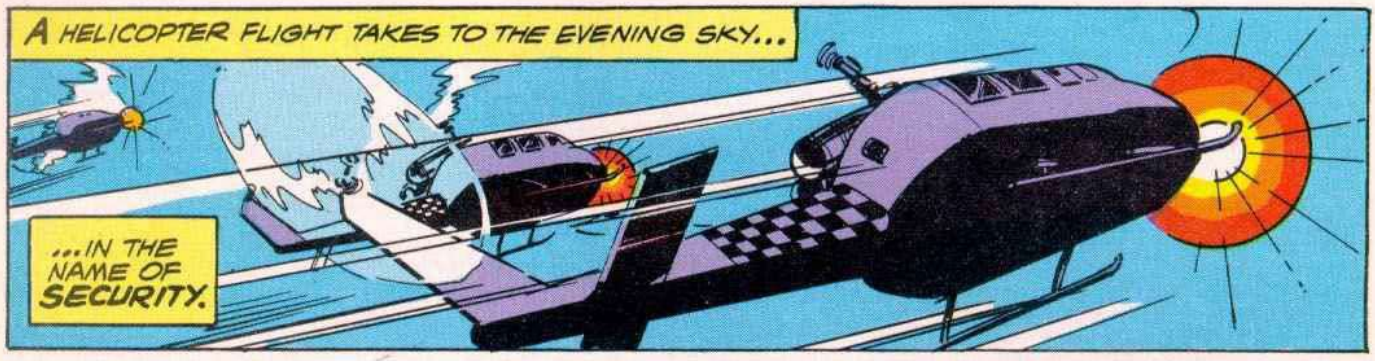
EVEN AS THOSE WORDS ARE SPOKEN...

ROY! THEY'RE SENDING US BACK! THERE ARE BUSES WAITING IN RELIANCE!
THAT'S IT! GET 'EM OUT OF HERE!!

T-THERE'S GOT TO BE MORE THAN THIS...
AND ROY NEARY MAKES THE DECISION TO BECOME A HERO. OR PERHAPS... A FOOL.
HESITANTLY, HE TAKES THE HARDEST BREATH OF HIS LIFE.
NOTHING'S WRONG WITH THE AIR. NOTHING.
BUT WHATEVER COMPELLED HIS FELLOW PASSENGERS, FAILS THEM NOW...
...WITH TWO EXCEPTIONS.
YEAH...!
IT'S BETTER THAN THE AIR IN LOS ANGLES!
HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAIN!!
THIS IS A HELL OF A TIME FOR INTRODUCTIONS--
BUT I'M LARRY BUTLER. LOS ANGELES.
KEEP RUNNING FOR THE TREES, LARRY!
FOR BEYOND THE TREES SURROUNDING THE CAMP...
...LIES DEVIL'S TOWER.
AND WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW OF THE SECURITY OFFICE...
...CLAUDE LACOMBE SMILES!

MAN, I (PUFF) SHOULD NEVER HAVE GIVEN UP (PUFF) JOGGING!
NONE OF MY DOODLES OF THIS PLACE (PUFF) PREPARED ME FOR CLIMBING IT!

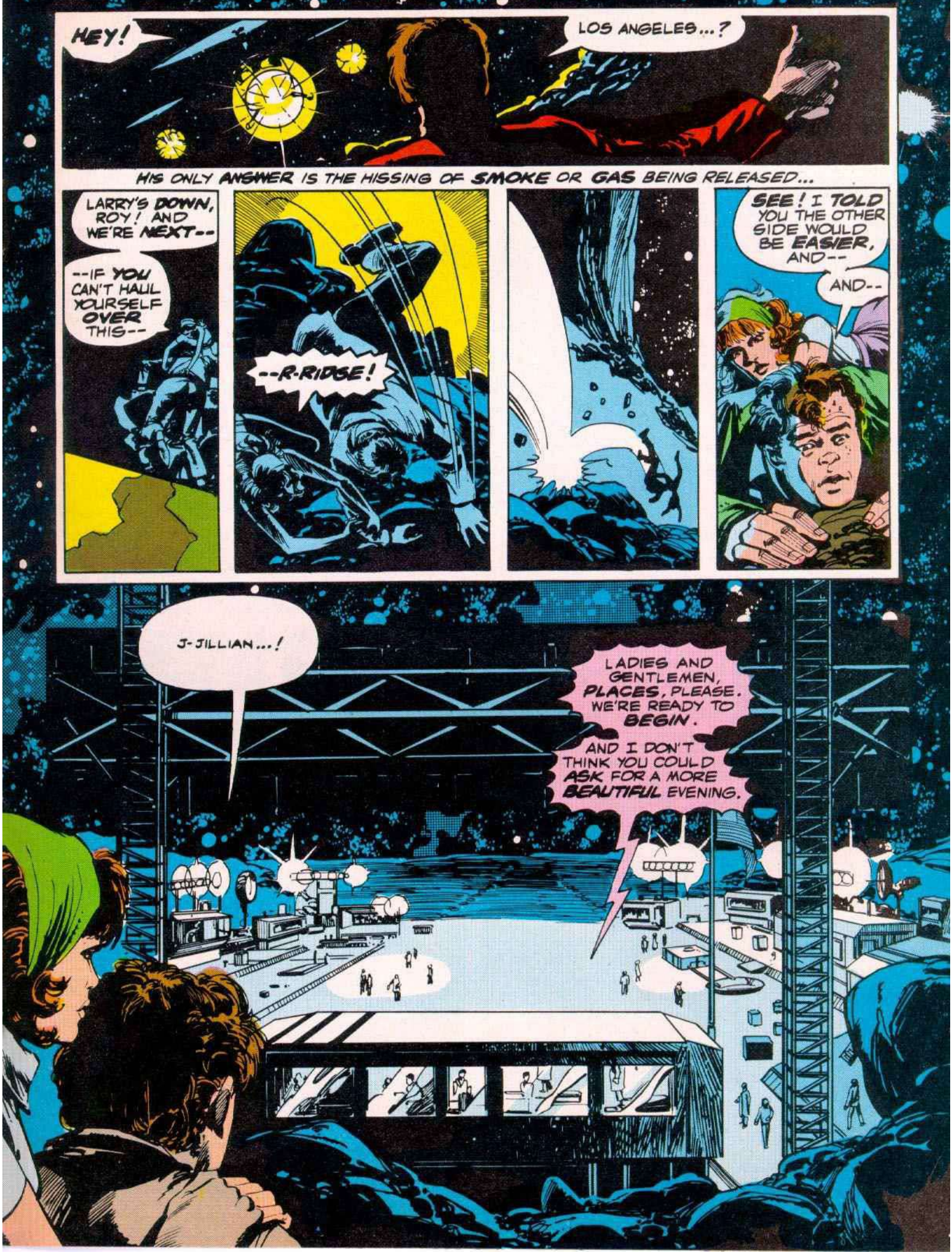
THIS IS THE HARD PART. BUT THERE'S A BOX CANYON ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT'S RIMMED WITH HIKING TRAILS.
MY PAINTINGS NEVER SHOWED THAT.
NEXT TIME, TRY SCULPTURE.
HEY! I HEAR SOME-THING!

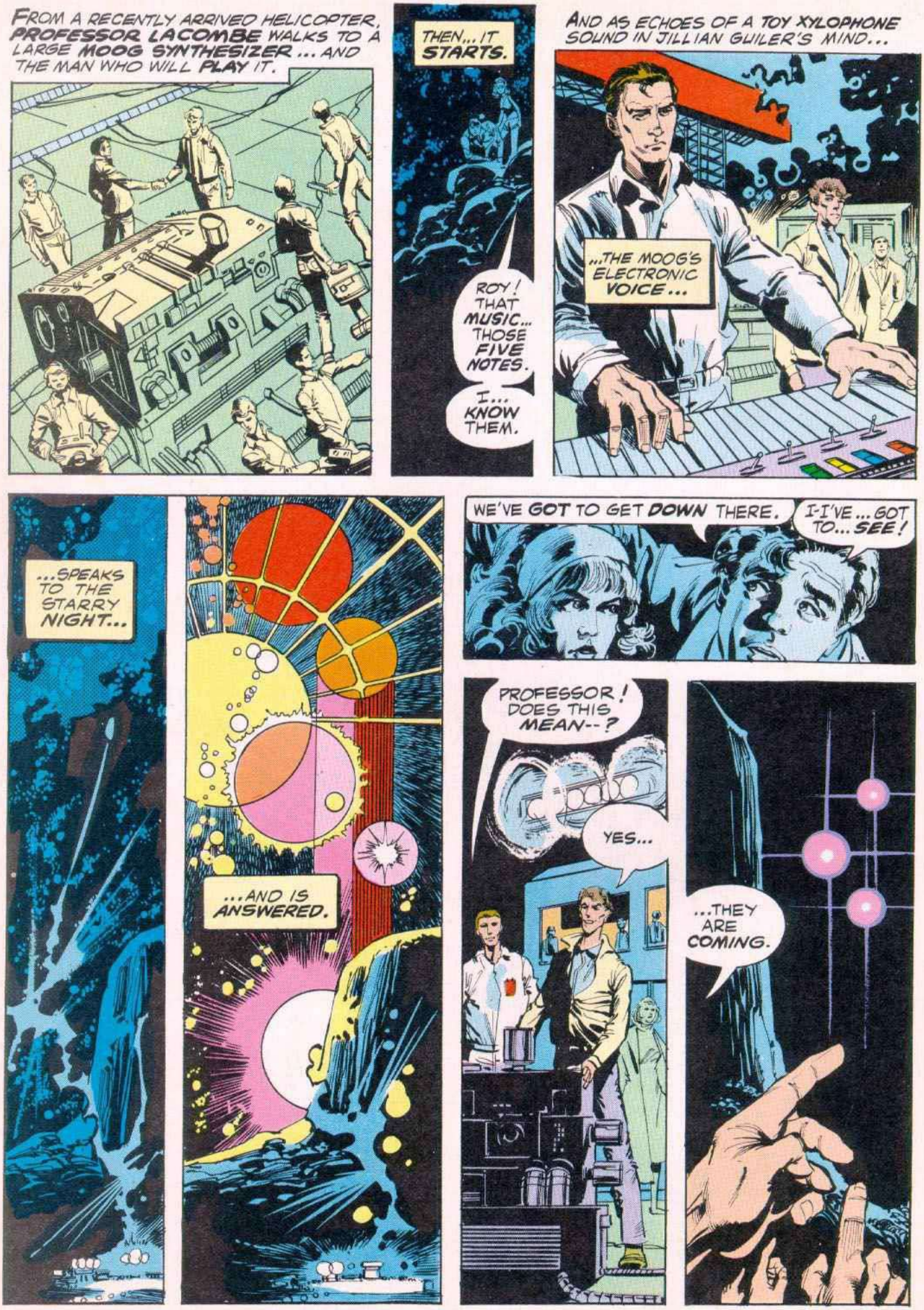

A HELICOPTER FLIGHT TAKES TO THE EVENING SKY...
...IN THE NAME OF SECURITY.

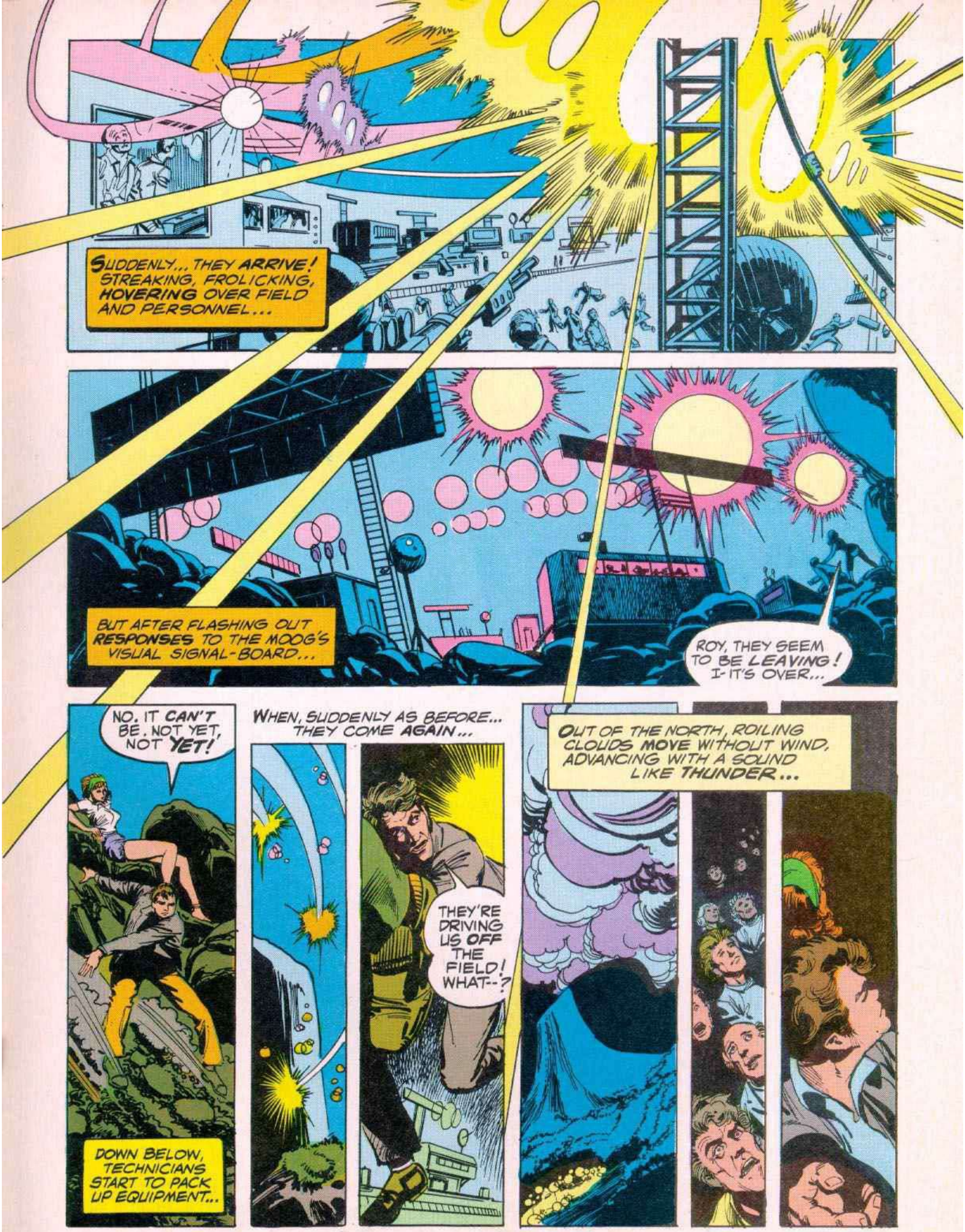
--TOO LATE FOR GROUND TROOPS! WE'LL HAVE TO DUST 'EM OFF THAT SLOPE WITH EZ-4!
SAME STUFF WE USED TO FAKE THE ANIMALS' DEATHS.

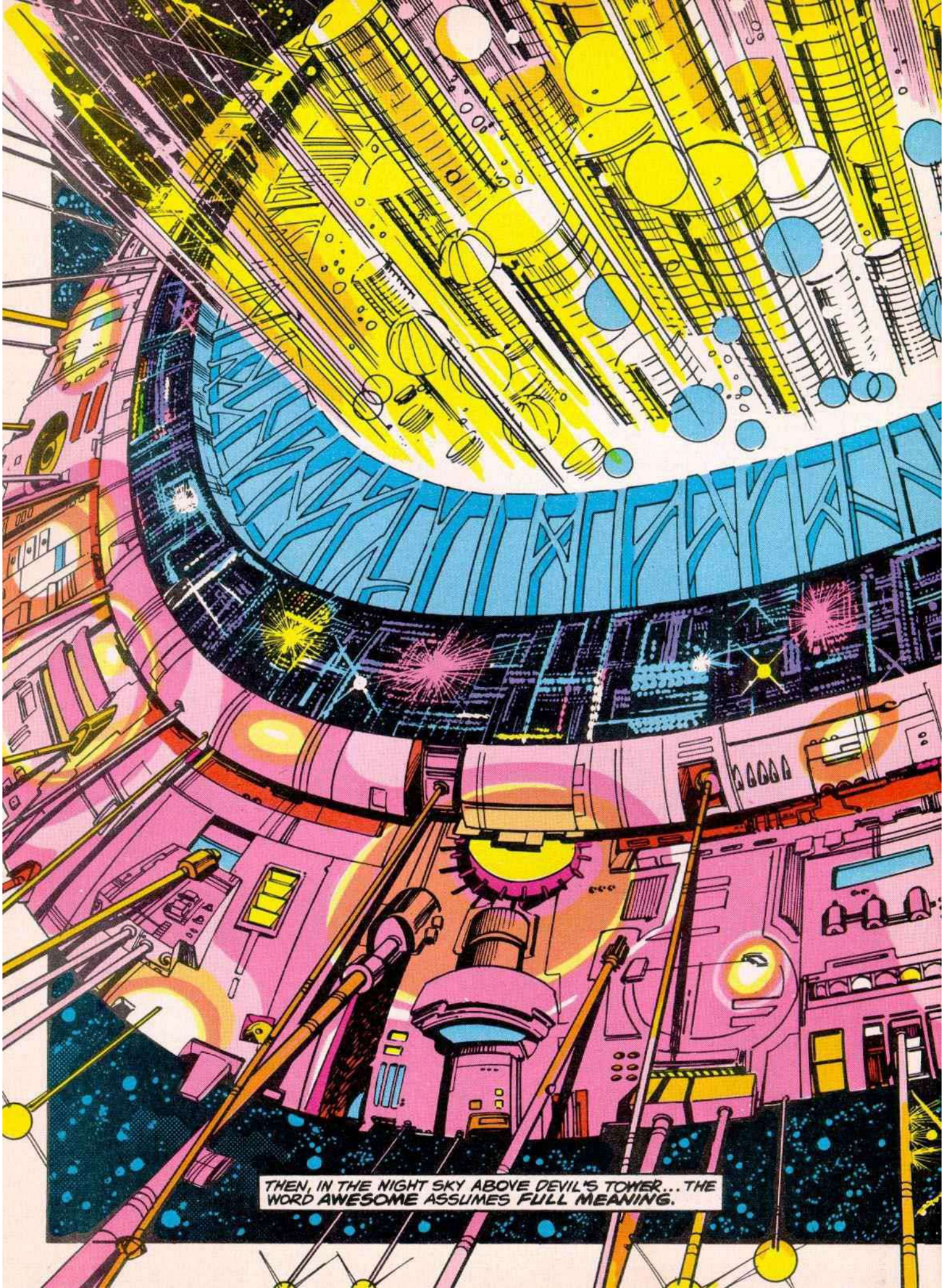
C'MON, LARRY! THOSE ARE CHOPPERS COMING! THEY'LL SPOT YOU!
DON'T (PUFF) THINK I CAN (PUFF) HACK IT ANYMORE.
BESIDES, WHAT CAN THEY DO... LAND ON ME?

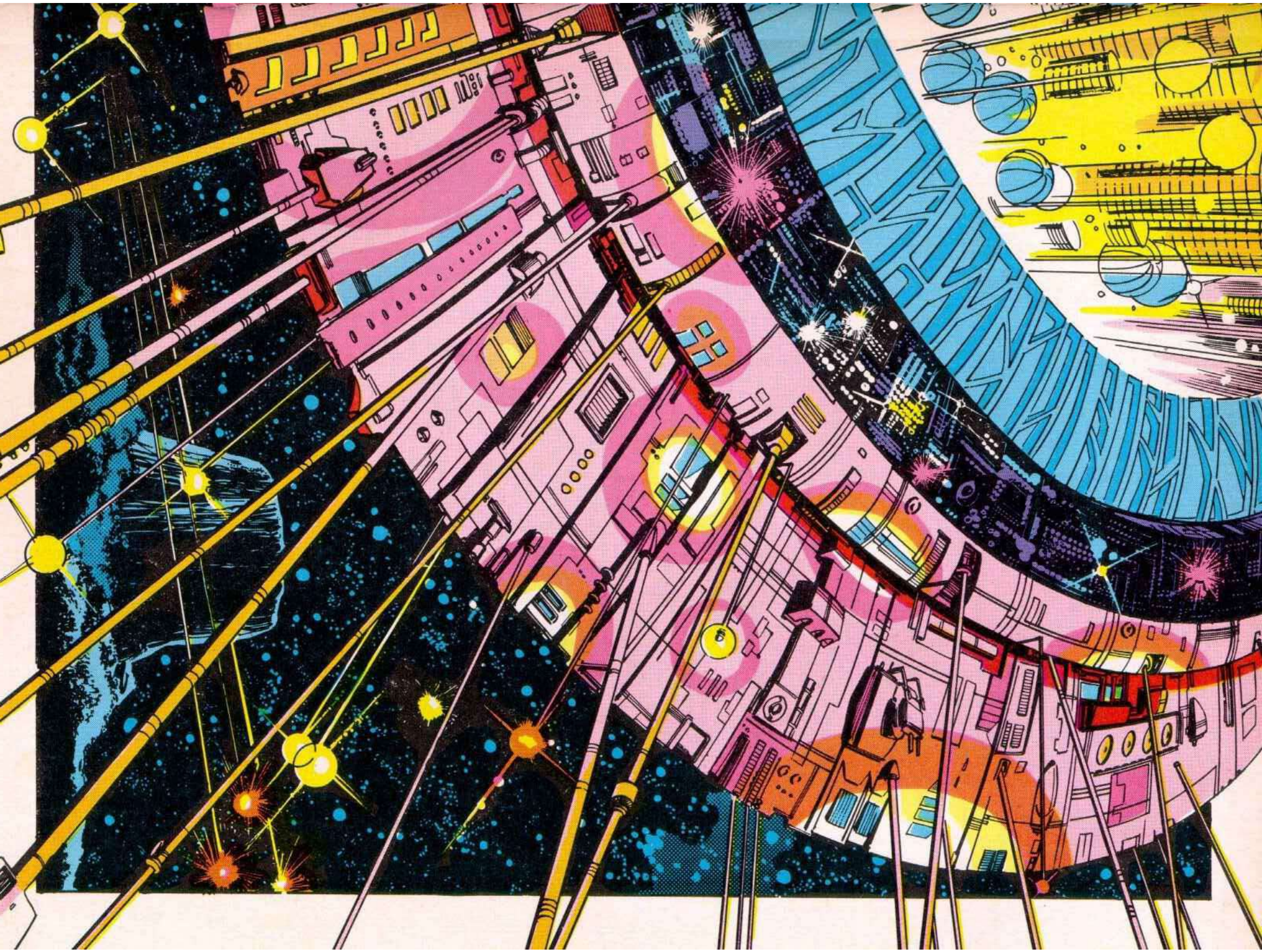
GO AHEAD. I'LL (PUFF) TRY TO KEEP 'EM (PUFF) BUSY.
LARRY BUTLER STANDS AND BRUSHES HIMSELF OFF...

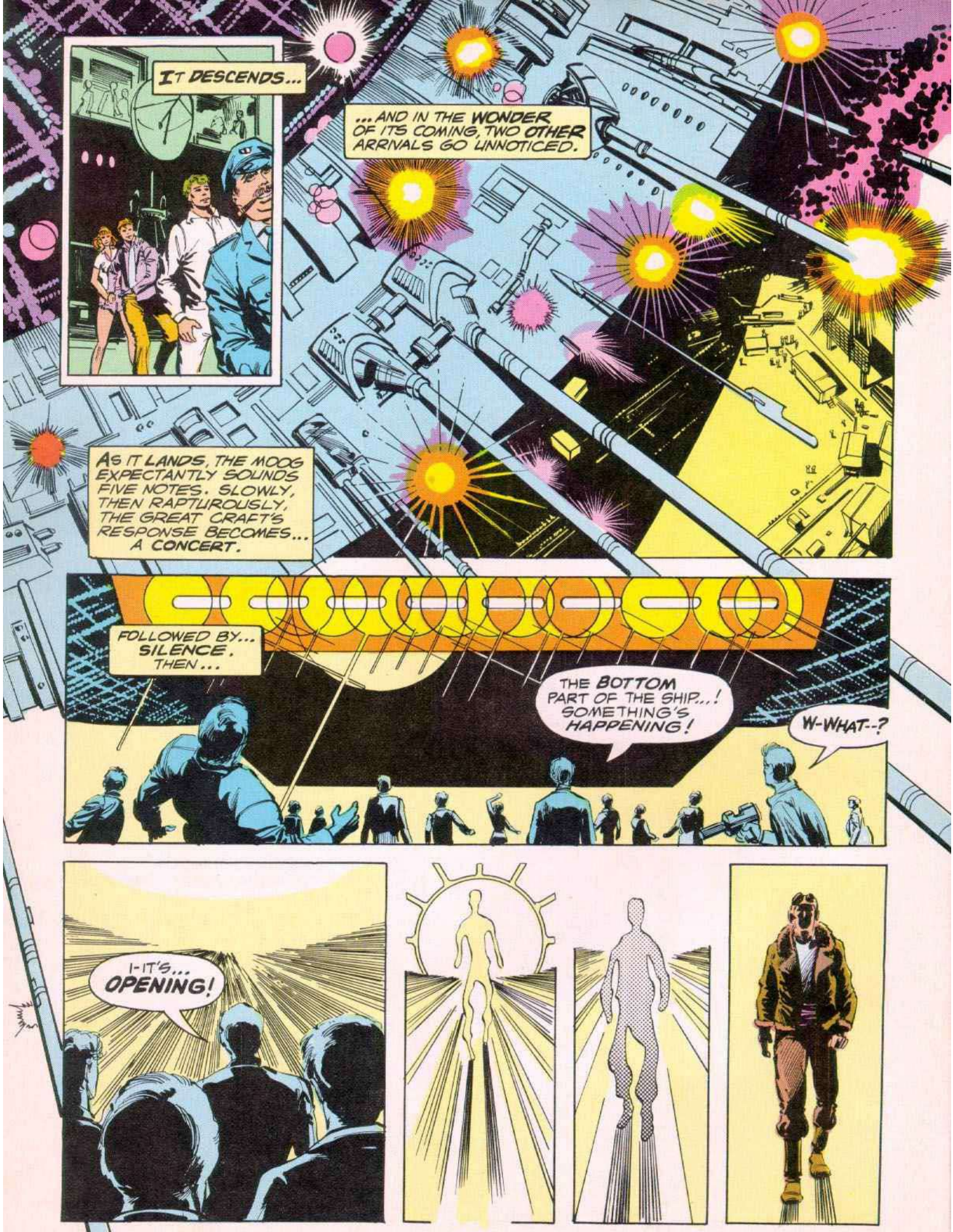

HEY!
LOS ANGELES...?
HIS ONLY ANSWER IS THE HISSING OF SMOKE OR GAS BEING RELEASED...
LARRY'S DOWN, ROY! AND WE'RE NEXT--
--IF YOU CAN'T HAUL YOURSELF OVER THIS--
--R-RIDGE!
SEE! I TOLD YOU THE OTHER SIDE WOULD BE EASIER, AND--
AND--
J-JILLIAN...!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLACES, PLEASE. WE'RE READY TO BEGIN.
AND I DON'T THINK YOU COULD ASK FOR A MORE BEAUTIFUL EVENING.


FROM A RECENTLY ARRIVED HELICOPTER, PROFESSOR LACOMBE WALKS TO A LARGE MOOG SYNTHESIZER ... AND THE MAN WHO WILL PLAY IT.
THEN... IT STARTS.
ROY! THAT MUSIC... THOSE FIVE NOTES.
I... KNOW THEM.
AND AS ECHOES OF A TOY XYLOPHONE SOUND IN JILLIAN GUILER'S MIND...
...THE MOOG'S ELECTRONIC VOICE...
...SPEAKS TO THE STARRY NIGHT...
...AND IS ANSWERED.
WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE.
I-I'VE... GOT TO... SEE!
PROFESSOR! DOES THIS MEAN--?
YES...
...THEY ARE COMING.


SUDDENLY... THEY ARRIVE! STREAKING, FROLICKING, HOVERING OVER FIELD AND PERSONNEL...
BUT AFTER FLASHING OUT RESPONSES TO THE MOOG'S VISUAL SIGNAL-BOARD...
ROY, THEY SEEM TO BE LEAVING! I-IT'S OVER...
NO. IT CAN'T BE. NOT YET, NOT YET!
DOWN BELOW, TECHNICIANS START TO PACK UP EQUIPMENT...
WHEN, SUDDENLY AS BEFORE... THEY COME AGAIN...
THEY'RE DRIVING US OFF THE FIELD! WHAT--?
OUT OF THE NORTH, ROILING CLOUDS MOVE WITHOUT WIND, ADVANCING WITH A SOUND LIKE THUNDER...


THEN, IN THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE DEVIL'S TOWER... THE WORD AWESOME ASSUMES FULL MEANING.




IT DESCENDS...
...AND IN THE WONDER OF ITS COMING, TWO OTHER ARRIVALS GO UNNOTICED.
AS IT LANDS, THE MOOG EXPECTANTLY SOUNDS FIVE NOTES. SLOWLY, THEN RAPTUROUSLY, THE GREAT CRAFT'S RESPONSE BECOMES... A CONCERT.
FOLLOWED BY... SILENCE. THEN...
THE BOTTOM PART OF THE SHIP...! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!
W-WHAT--?
I-IT'S... OPENING!

I'M... FRANK TAYLOR, LIEUTENANT JG, U.S. NAVY.
GOT HIM.
PART OF THE FLIGHT THAT DIS-APPEARED OFF FLORIDA IN 1945.

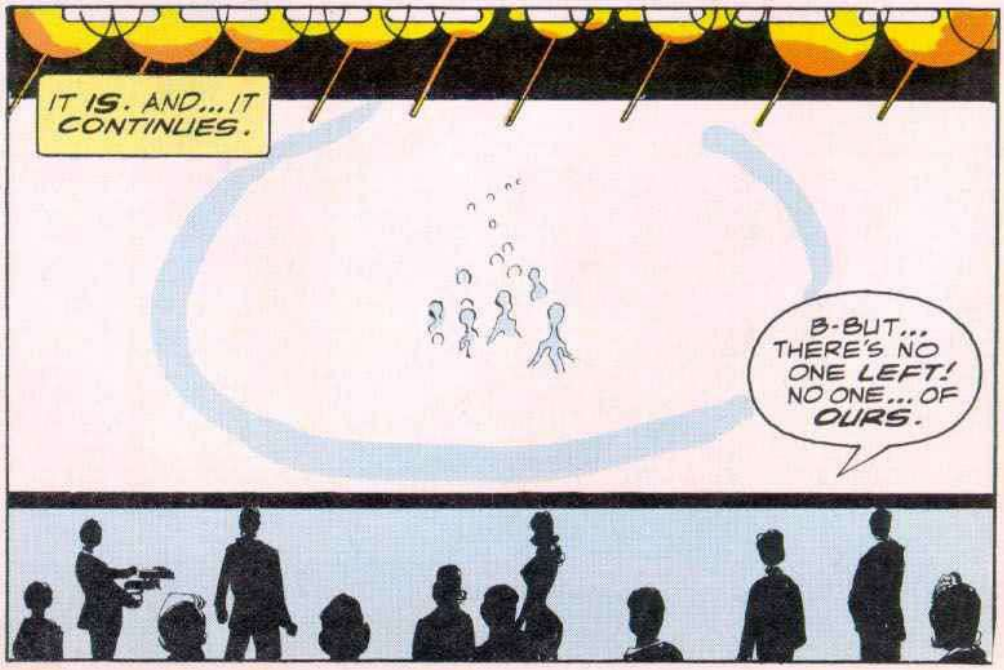
WELCOME HOME, SON. THIS WAY TO DEBRIEFING.

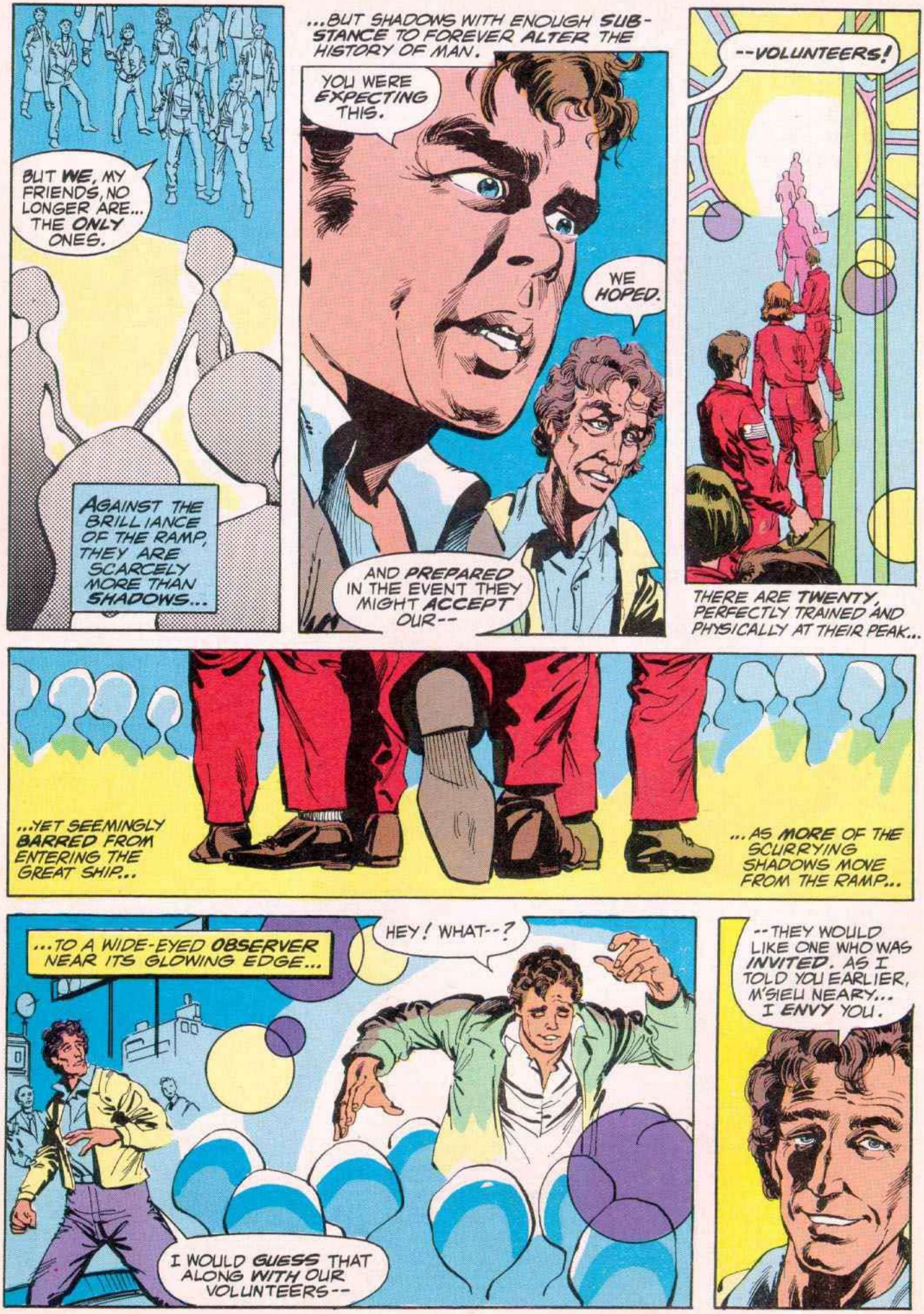
ONE BY ONE, THEY STEP BACK FROM THE UNKNOWN. A LEGION OF THE MISSING, UNCHANGED, UNAGED, DESPITE YEARS...
...DAZED, BEMUSED, THEY RETURN. UNTIL ...

...THERE ARE NO MORE. NO MORE...
...EXCEPT ONE.

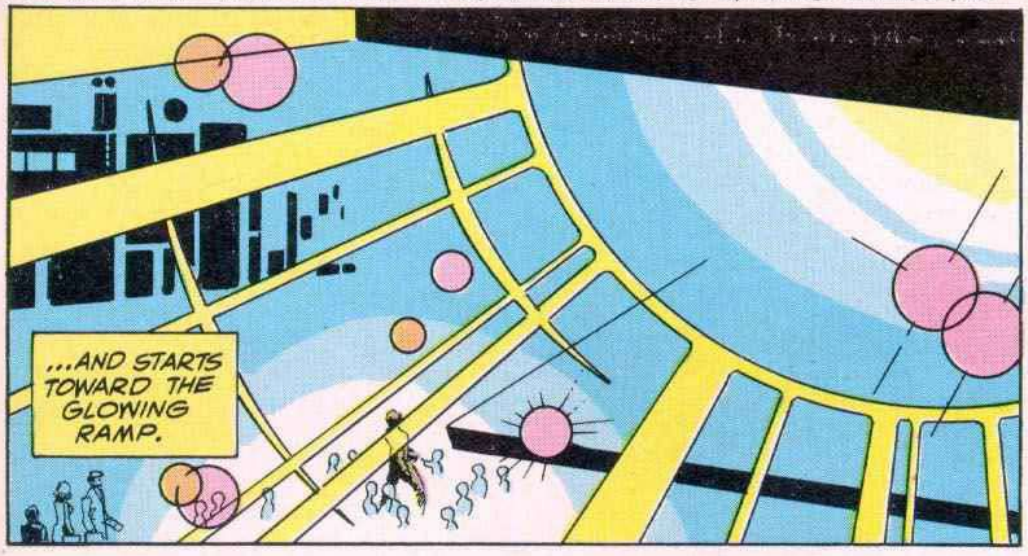
BARRY!!
OH, MY BABY!
AND FOR JILLIAN GUILER, THE QUEST ENDS.

BUT WHAT OF YOU, M'SIEU NEARY? WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
I... I JUST WANT TO KNOW THAT IT'S REALLY HAPPENING.


IT IS. AND... IT CONTINUES.
B-BUT... THERE'S NO ONE LEFT! NO ONE... OF OURS.


BUT WE, MY FRIENDS, NO LONGER ARE... THE ONLY ONES.
AGAINST THE BRILLIANCE OF THE RAMP, THEY ARE SCARCELY MORE THAN SHADOWS...
...BUT SHADOWS WITH ENOUGH SUBSTANCE TO FOREVER ALTER THE HISTORY OF MAN.
YOU WERE EXPECTING THIS.
WE HOPED.
AND PREPARED IN THE EVENT THEY MIGHT ACCEPT OUR--
--VOLUNTEERS!
THERE ARE TWENTY, PERFECTLY TRAINED AND PHYSICALLY AT THEIR PEAK...
...YET SEEMINGLY BARRED FROM ENTERING THE GREAT SHIP...
...AS MORE OF THE SCURRYING SHADOWS MOVE FROM THE RAMP...
...TO A WIDE-EYED OBSERVER NEAR ITS GLOWING EDGE...
HEY! WHAT--?
I WOULD GUESS THAT ALONG WITH OUR VOLUNTEERS--
--THEY WOULD LIKE ONE WHO WAS INVITED. AS I TOLD YOU EARLIER, M'SIEU NEARY... I ENVY YOU.

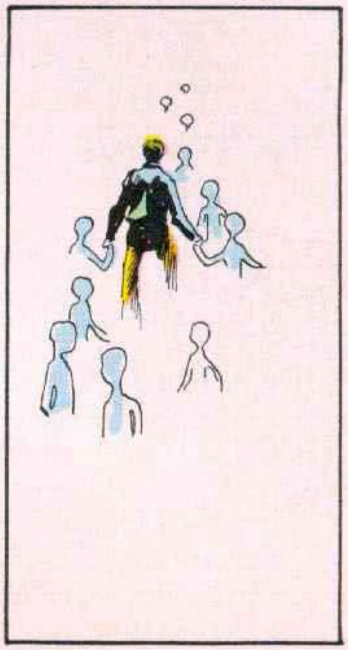
ROY NEARY HAS COME **TOO FAR** TO HESITATE NOW. HE SHRUGS SLIGHTLY...

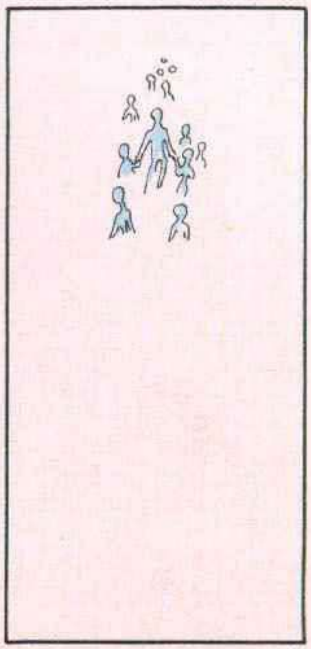


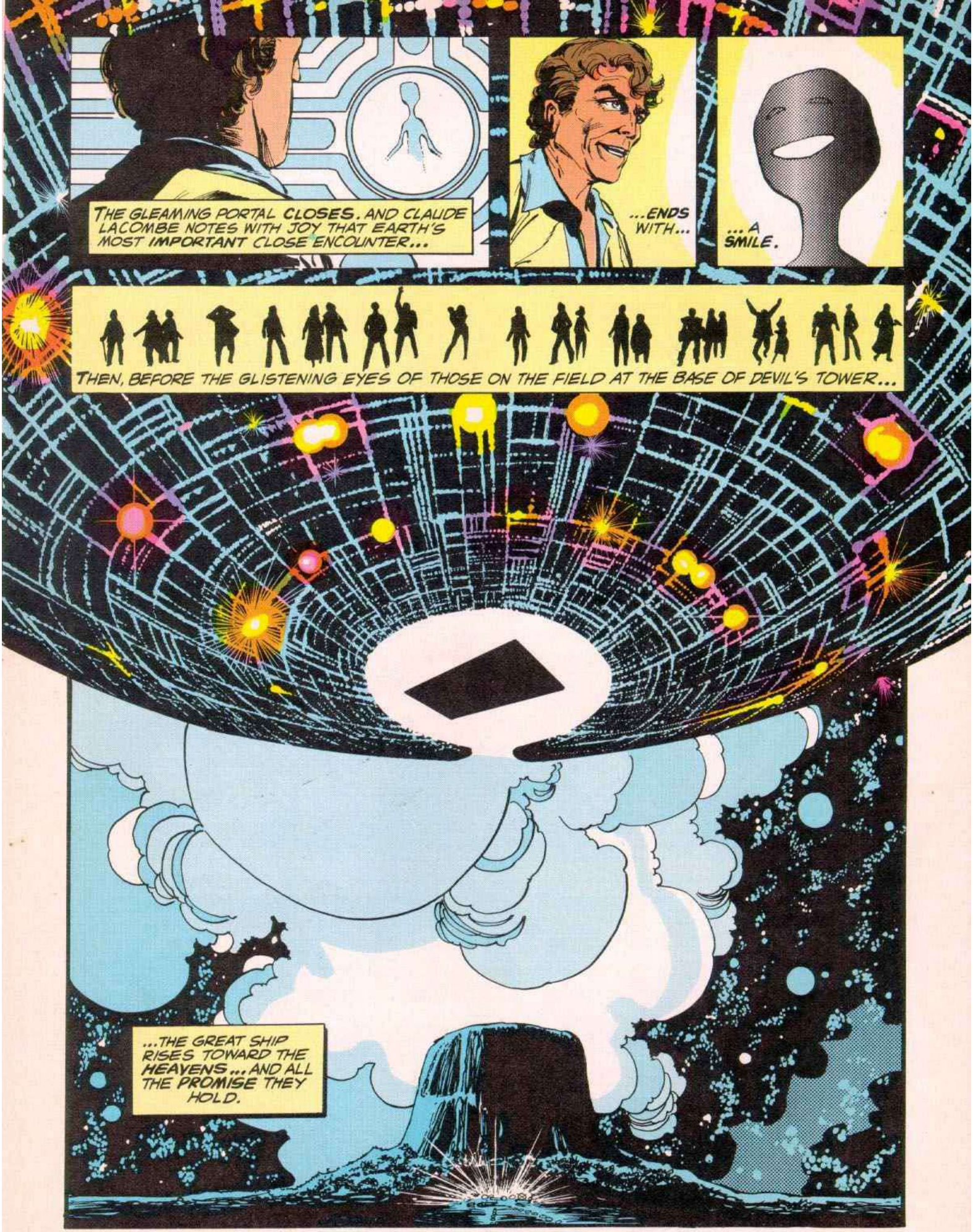
...HIS EYES FINDING **JILLIAN** AND **BARRY** AMONG THE CROWD. IN THE WARMTH OF THEIR SMILING FACES, HE FINDS **UNDER-STANDING** AS WELL.

THEN, THE BRIGHT RAMP **BECKONS.**

HE MOVES INTO ITS INTENSITY. AND **SOMEWHERE**, PERHAPS IN HIS OWN MIND, ROY NEARY HEARS THE VOICE OF **JIMINY CRICKET** SINGING AS HE DID IN **PINOCCHIO**. SINGING OF WISHING ON A **STAR**.






THE GLEAMING PORTAL CLOSES. AND CLAUDE LACOMBE NOTES WITH JOY THAT EARTH'S MOST IMPORTANT CLOSE ENCOUNTER...
...ENDS WITH...
...A SMILE.
THEN, BEFORE THE GLISTENING EYES OF THOSE ON THE FIELD AT THE BASE OF DEVIL'S TOWER...
...THE GREAT SHIP RISES TOWARD THE HEAVENS... AND ALL THE PROMISE THEY HOLD.

FILM CAST

Roy Neary	RICHARD DREYFUSS
Claude Lacombe	FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT
Ronnie Neary	TERI GARR
Jillian Guiler	MELINDA DILLON
Barry Guiler	CARY GUFFEY
David Laughlin	BOB BALABAN
Project Leader	J. PATRICK McNAMARA
Wild Bill	WARREN KEMMERLING
Farmer	ROBERTS BLOSSOM
Jean Claude	PHILIP DODDS
Brad Neary	SHAWN BISHOP
Silvia Neary	ADRIENNE CAMPBELL
Toby Neary	JUSTIN DREYFUSS
Robert	LANCE HENDRICKSEN
Team Leader	MERRILL CONNALLY
Major Benchley	GEORGE DICENZO

FILM CREDITS

Produced by	JULIA PHILLIPS and MICHAEL PHILLIPS
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Director of Photography	VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.
Special Photographic Effects by	DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Music by	JOHN WILLIAMS
Director of Photography of Additional American Scenes	WILLIAM A. FRAKER, A.S.C.
Director of Photography of India Sequence	DOUGLAS SLOCOMBE, B.S.C.
Production Designer	JOE ALVES
Edited by	MICHAEL KAHN, A.C.E.
Associate Producer	CLARK PAYLOW
Visual Effect Concepts by	STEVEN SPIELBERG
Unit Production Manager	CLARK PAYLOW
Additional Directors of Photography	JOHN ALONZO, A.S.C. LASZLO KOVACS, A.S.C.
Technical Advisor	DR. J. ALLEN HYNEK
Set Decoration	PHIL ABRAMSON
Realization of "Extraterrestrial" by	CARLO RAMBALDI
Art Director	DAN LOMINO
Assistand Director	CHUCK MYERS
Still Photographers	PETE SOREL, JIM COE, PETE TURNER
Title Design	DAN PERRI
2nd Unit Director of Photography	STEVE POSTER
Special Photographic Effects Supervised by	DOUGLAS TRUMBULL
Director of Photography-Photographic Effects	RICHARD YURICICH
Matte Artist	MATTHEW YURICICH
Effects Unit Project Manager	ROBERT SHEPHERD
Special Visual Effects Coordinator	LARRY ROBINSON
UFO Photography	DAVE STEWART
Chief Model Maker	GREGORY JEIN
Animation Supervisor	ROBERT SWARTHE
Optical Photography	ROBERT HALL
Matte Photography	DON JAREL
Mother Ship Photography	DENNIS MUREN
Project Coordinator	MONA THAL BENEFIEL

FINAL ENCOUNTER

Some last words, thoughts, and background information on doing the comics adaptation of Close Encounters

When people pontificate about comics — and, believe it or not, some people do — there's often a good deal of talk about 'cinematic technique' and elaborate comparisons are made between the work of the comic book artist and that of the film director. It gets just a bit heady at times, but nonetheless it's still interesting because there's more than a small amount of truth in it. Flip through the pages of this book and you'll find jump cuts, reaction shots, fade-outs; a veritable catalogue of filmmaking expertise. However, as editor and writer of this adaptation of STEVEN SPIELBERG's movie blockbuster, the thing I found most interesting was the *difference* between comics and film.

To begin with, we don't have sound. We do have narrative captions, dialogue balloons, and sound effects (You know, KRAKWAM, WUP WUP, etc.). For some movies that would be enough. For some movies that would even be a blessing. But for CLOSE ENCOUNTERS it's a major loss. No amount of onomatopoeia (That's Webster's Dictionary for KRAKWAM, WUP WUP, etc.) can take the place of the Dolby stereo system registering the sound of a UFO passing overhead. And all the adjectives I can shake out of my Roget's Thesaurus can't compare with JOHN WILLIAMS' beautifully integrated musical score when it comes to awe and wonder.

Fortunately, we had two very fine illustrators on the project. WALT SIMONSON, who paced and laid out the adaptation in pencil form, and KLAUS JANSON, whose abilities with pen, brush, and ink brought it all to a richly detailed finish (though he may have ODed forever on starry skies in the process). Walt, a graduate of Rhode Island School of Design and an Academy of Comic Book Arts award winner, came up with the idea of varying the page and panel size according to the impact desired and actually letting some drawings run off the page in the peak scenes thereby giving us a visual equivalent of the soundtrack's dramatic punch. Klaus, who entered the field as apprentice to top illustrator DICK GIORDANO and who, in the last five years, has built up a large fan following and formidable professional reputation, devised a wide range of line rendering techniques to simulate the film's elaborate reflected light effects and left the whole office speechless with the dazzling finish he brought to Walt's impressive version of the mother ship.

In deciding what scenes to include or drop, expand or condense, we were guided by what seemed to work best in terms of *visual* dramatics and yet still conveyed the overall intent and *feeling* of the original within the limited number of pages available to us. Comic book visuals generally revolve around key movements or key dramatics; catching an action or emotion at its very peak. At 24 frames per second — as opposed to a comic's six or seven frames per page — film can show many movements and dramatic shadings in an incredibly short amount of time. A movie screen is also huge; an image twenty feet or more tall can convey a flicker of emotion or the subtlest of movements without difficulty. On the other hand, movies, being photographs, project an image of realism and require a more realistic logic in their staging than comics, which are more stylized.

For instance: Spielberg, in collaboration with RICHARD DREYFUSS' intensity as an actor, is able to convey a large amount about Roy Neary, his warmth and humor, his relationship with his family, in the very short scene that introduces him. Comics need more time. We went back to the original script, which had a longer version of the same scene, and used that. The extra panels and what happens in them help us establish familiarity with the character and build interest in him. Conversely, in handling another scene, the comics version is far shorter. In the movie, when Roy and Jillian are driving through the evacuated area and spot the apparently dead animals, we see them reassure each other that it's all fake, then pause, and then simultaneously begin pulling their gas masks from their bags and rapidly and awkwardly putting them on. It plays well and gets a good laugh. But to handle it exactly that way in the comic would have taken almost a page and, because it would be stretched out to a greater length than the importance of the joke justified, it would't have been funny. Instead, Walt managed to do it in just two small panels: an uneasy exchange of glances and — *boom* — the masks are on. The very abruptness makes the joke work (It also made *my* job simple; no dialogue was necessary. Probably the best two panels I wrote).

Of course, *all* the reasons for differences between comic and film aren't quite so esoteric. CLOSE ENCOUNTERS was produced in secrecy and that secrecy was tightly maintained until its release and even for a time after that. If you've seen the film, it becomes understandable. Too much advance publicity might have undercut its power and emotional impact (to say nothing of leaving the door open for quickie imitations, which Steven Spielberg is on record as having feared). That same secrecy affected us as well. The book, begun some time before the movie opened, had to be done without photographic reference, working only from the shooting script and several viewings of a promotional film clip. We also were committed to not showing the aliens in any detail. Another restriction — one fairly standard with comics adaptations of movies — was that we not do likenesses of the actors. After CLOSE ENCOUNTERS was released and Walt, Klaus, and I saw it, we were able to go back and make adjustments in the material, and fortunately for our already strained printing schedule, no major changes were necessary.

At this writing, the comic is almost complete. MARIE SEVERIN, a very talented artist in her own right and Marvel's art director besides, is about to finish adding the book's final dimension: it's color. Then, it will be off to the engraver and printer and finally, out to you. By the time you are reading this, CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND will probably be one of the most seen films of all time. We hope the excitement and pleasure we felt while doing this book comes across to you. In any event, we'd like to hear from you about it. If you're so inclined, drop us a line at:

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
Marvel Comics Group
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

We'll be waiting. It's always nice to know ... we are not alone.

ARCHIE GOODWIN, *Editor*

Beyond those whose names appear on page one of this book, a number of others made considerable contributions, each in their own way. In more or less alphabetical order, they are: *Sol Brodsky, David Cohen, Danny Crespi, Alice Donenfeld, Jo Duffy, Davida Lichter-Dale, Bob Marczak, Jim Novak, John Romita Jr, Stu Schwartzberg, Jim Shooter, Roger Slifer, Roger Stern, John Tartaglione, Andy Yanchus, and the Mighty Marvel Bullpen.* Also thanks to *Vincent Alati, Les Borden,* and all the folks at *Columbia Pictures Merchandising* without whose cooperation this entire magazine would have been illegal.

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